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LITTLE WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.—DRAWN BY A. HUNT.



misery enough and to spare even under the gracious eye of Father Christmas. Some there are—too, too many, alas!—who are beyond reach of his heart-warming smile. But myriads upon myriads who are pinched with poverty every other day of the year look forward to a little feast of gladness on this, and do not look in vain. The very workhouses echo the merriment of their pauper inmates, who for that day exchange the sombre monotony of their lives for a rare sense of plenty and a transient glimmer of fun. The homes of the labouring poor are for the most part cheered by a table spread with the fare of the season; and hospital wards, so far as sickness and pain will admit of it, are lightened up by the customary hilarities of the festival. Let it be borne in mind, however, that "it is better to give than receive." There is no happiness equal to that of diffusing happiness. A capital opportunity of testing this truth is within reach. The most enjoyable thing about Christmas is the effort which it encourages to make the sore-spirited merry. All the associations, all the ceremonies, all the customs which have grouped themselves around this holiday of holidays tend to inspire in the bosom an inclination, and to impart to the will an impulse, freely to use the blessings which are ours in communicating a share of them to those who have them not.

But let us have done with pensive musings which, though not, we trust, out of harmony with the spirit of the occasion, may easily be allowed to carry our readers and ourselves beyond legitimate limits. We have almost lost sight of our original purpose, which was to proffer to our friends—what shall we say?—"the compliments of the season"?—a somewhat frigid, if polite, interpretation of our feelings—no, but in the homely, honest, hearty language of our forefathers, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" We wish that to all and each of them in its broadest meaning—pleasant family gatherings, pleasant renewals of friendship, pleasant interminglings of affection at the festive board, pleasant partners in the dance, and pleasant surprises under the mistletoe—and, underneath the surface of their Christmas gaiety, we wish them a clear conscience, inward peace, and the exuberance of love and joy which are least fitted to do honour to the festival.

#### THE COURT.

The Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, arrived at Osborne yesterday week, the suite in attendance being the Marchioness of Ely, the Hon. Caroline Cavendish, the Hon. Evelyn Peget, and Major-General H. Ponsonby, Colonel du Plat, Colonel H. L. Gardiner, Mr. Collins, Dr. Marshall, and Mr. Sahl.

Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended Divine service on Sunday, performed at Osborne by the Rev. George Prothero.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice have taken daily out-door exercise and Prince Leopold has driven out. The Royal baron of beef destined to adorn her Majesty's Christmas side-board at Osborne, with the time-honoured boar's head and game pie, has been dispatched to Osborne.

The accounts of the Queen's clothing club, to which her Majesty contributes annually £100, show that there are 599 depositors, who have paid in during the year £487 14s.

The Queen's New-Year's gifts, consisting of beef and coals, will be presented to the poor of New Windsor, Holy Trinity, and Clewer in the riding school of Windsor Castle, on Jan. 1.

Her Majesty the Queen has contributed £50 towards the fund for the erection of a new school of art at Ryde, the foundation-stone of which was laid during the summer by the Crown Princess of Germany. Her Majesty has also graciously consented to a number of works of art to be sent from her private collection at Windsor to an art-exhibition, opened in the Town-hall, Ryde. Several articles have also been sent from the Imperial Court of Berlin.

The Princess of Wales visited the Duchess of Cambridge at Kew, yesterday week. The Prince and Princess attended Divine service on Sunday, and left Marlborough House on Monday for Sandringham, to pass the Christmas.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh took leave of the Earl and Countess of Dudley on Saturday last and returned to Buckingham Palace. The Duchess suffered from a severe cold during her stay at Witley Court. The Duke, with his host and other gentlemen, had some duck-shooting on the lake at Witley; but other outdoor sport was prevented in consequence of the heavy snow. A concert was given by the Earl and Countess of Dudley, and Dr. Lynn gave his legerdemain entertainment at Witley Court during the Royal visit. The Duke has sent a supply of game for the patients in St. Thomas's Hospital, of which he is a governor. His Royal Highness has consented to preside at the next anniversary festival of the British Orphan Asylum.

The Duke of Connaught dined with the Mayor of Norwich (Mr. E. K. Harvey) on Monday at Thorpe Hamlet House. His Royal Highness left Norwich on Tuesday for Windsor Castle. The Duke, with the officers of the 7th Hussars, will give a ball to the principal residents of the county at Norwich on the 30th inst.

His Excellency Count Schouvaloff returned to the Russian Embassy on Saturday last from visiting the Earl and Countess of Dudley at Witley Court.

His Excellency Count Beust has left the Austrian Embassy in Belgrave-square, *en congé*, to join his family in Germany. During the absence of his Excellency, Count Wolkenstein will act as Chargé-d'Affaires.

His Excellency the French Ambassador returned to the French Embassy on Saturday last from visiting Mr. and Lady Mary Smith Barry, at Marbury Hall, Cheshire. The Countess de Jarnac also returned from a visit to Lady Foley, at Ruxley Lodge, Esher.

His Excellency R. Wooyens, the Japanese Minister, has left the Alexandra Hotel.

The Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Rosamond Spencer Churchill and the Marquis and Marchioness of Bowmont have returned to Blenheim Palace.

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland and Lady Mary Primrose have arrived at Petworth House on a visit to Lord and Lady Leconfield.

#### 1 CHOES OF THE WEEK.

I frankly confess that were my esteemed and most patient editor, reminding me of "the festive season," to beg me to make my column this week one exclusively of "Christmas Echoes," I should be enabled to accomplish my task but clumsily. In the first place, Christmas is almost entirely devoid of distinctly audible Echoes—beyond those of the jingling of the half-sovereigns or the half-crowns you are called upon to disburse to all and sundry on Boxing Day; and those are sounds pleasant enough to the recipient, no doubt, but which are apt to create a mournful impression on the mind of the giver. You will not hear those echoes any more. "I feel that thou art changed to me," observed the philosopher when he asked for silver for his last sovereign. And yet I doubt whether it would be, on the whole, a good thing to abolish Christmas-boxes altogether. We have our grumble once a year about extortion, black-mail, bacchus, and the like; still the majority of us continue to "tip" our clients and dependents; and so far as I am concerned, I can say that I never experienced the slightest scruple of conscience in accepting anything that anybody chose to give me at Christmas—or any other time.

Most of us have seen three droll little vignettes from the Titmarshian pencil (the Titmarshian pencil has been the subject for a motion for an injunction in Chancery this week, and the injunction has been granted), in one of the earlier numbers of *Punch*, representing a Catalonian peasant who finds a bottle cast up by the waves on the seashore. The honest man procures a corkscrew, and proceeds to tug at the neck of the flask. "Port, I hope!" he says. "Sherry, I think!" he adds, hopefully, as the cork comes out. "Tracts, oh dear!" he concludes, ruefully, as, shaking the flask, a thin roll of printed paper peeps forth. Angus B. Reach, one of the editors of the *Man in the Moon*, and a contributor to the *Illustrated London News* six-and-twenty years ago, used to tell even a more comical story of his aunt in Scotland, who sent him one Christmas a mysterious parcel of cylindrical form, carefully enveloped in basket-work and brown paper, which he fondly imagined to be a jar of over-proof whisky. He kept it for a whole fortnight intact, hopefully speculating as to whether it was Glenlivet or "Gatherings from Long John." Then he abandoned the whisky hypothesis altogether, and began to think that the wicker-girt cylinder might possibly contain "caller herrin." At length he took heart of grace, opened the package, and found—a filter!

I should strongly advise you not to grumble if any of your friends send you such a present this Christmas-tide. A filter in December, 1874, is a *cadeau* not to be despised. What offence the denizens of South-Western London have committed against the water companies I know not; but for the last fortnight the unhappy dwellers in South Kensington, Brompton, Chelsea, and the Fulham-road have been supplied, in lieu of water, with a muddy fluid of a dirty white and dimly opalescent hue, somewhat resembling in odour and appearance the very nasty Mexican beverage called pulque. This nauseous stuff is wholly undrinkable; and people's housemaids have to be sent round with cans to good-natured neighbours who have wells on their premises, to beg for a gallon or two of *aqua pura*. If this kind of thing continues, the vocation of Ben Jonson's "Cobb the water-carrier," in "Every Man in his Humour," will come again; and have you ever observed how very apt our much-vaunted civilisation is to collapse under the slightest sudden pressure? Deprive London for a week of water and gas "laid on," cabs, and policemen, and where would London be?

This reflection—not a very profound one, and which, it strikes me, has been made before—reminds me of a very interesting paragraph which appeared in the *Times* on Monday last relating to the President of Mexico, General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, whom most people supposed to be dead, but who has been discovered, by a correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, tranquilly vegetating, at an amazing old age, in a roomy old Spanish mansion in the Calle de Vergara, city of Mexico. Politically, Santa Anna may be considered as fossilized as Don Baldomero Espartero; but physically he seems to be in a state of tolerable preservation. He was very garrulous to the correspondent; but his talk was exclusively about the days of old. He had much to say about the Cura Morelos and the Emperor Yturbi; but he had quite forgotten President Juarez, and Maximilian, and that dreadful deed at Queretaro in which a brave man was foully murdered, the memory of which drove a beautiful and amiable Princess mad, and the echo of which was the first boom of the death-knell of the Second Empire in France.

It was at the torrid, plague-stricken city of Vera Cruz, in Mexico, that, eleven years since, I first drank *pulque*—which has a smell like ancient eggs, and tastes like Dutch cheese mixed with schnapps and paraffin oil—and that I first became acquainted with a city in which there was neither gas, nor potable water, nor police. And yet we got on pretty well without those adjuncts of civilisation. It was in the roadstead of Vera Cruz, and on board the steamer Conway, anchored under the lee of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, that I had the honour to be presented to General Santa Anna, who had boarded the steamer at Havana, coming from St. Thomas, and was proceeding to Mexico, with a view of seeing what might turn up there, politically, to his advantage. Santa Anna has been the Micawber of politics. I found him a very noticeable old gentleman, quite of the old school, with bright black eyes and closely-shaven, parchment-like visage. He seemed to have a beautiful head of curly brown hair; but when he removed his hat to salute you the effect was odd, for then you found that the beautiful curly brown *chevelure* was a wig which was neatly sewn round the lining of his hat. For the rest, in highly-starched shirt-collars, a spreading frill with a diamond brooch in it, white vest and trousers, one silk stocking and pump (for he had a wooden leg), and a blue tail coat with gilt buttons, he looked quite the Sir Charles Grandison of the Spanish Main. They told us that he was very fond of pictures, and *monté*, and cock-fighting, and had grown quite good in his old age.

The French held Vera Cruz at the time; Juarez was a fugitive, and Maximilian was coming from Miramar to occupy the throne of Montezuma. The French Commandant would not allow Santa Anna to land at first, fearing that the old man (he was prodigiously old even in 1864) might prove politically troublesome. But they telegraphed to General Bazaine who was at Puebla; and he sent back permission to the man who had been absolute Dictator over Mexico, and had been proscribed and exiled from it ever so many times, to revisit his native country once more. So the Port Admiral sent his barge, and the old gentleman, comfortably packed in an armchair, was lowered into it; and that was the first and last I ever saw of Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. The Prince de Joinville is responsible for the loss of the General's leg. H. R. H., or rather the squadron under his command, bombarded off the limb in question, incidentally, while shelling Vera Cruz in 1838.

A most melancholy loss to the art-world has taken place in

the destruction of Hogarth's admirable picture of the "Strolling Players in a Barn," which perished in the conflagration which destroyed, on Friday last, the ancient mansion house of the Wood family at Littleton, near Staines. The "Strolling Players" was painted expressly, in 1741, for the then Mr. Wood, of Littleton; and the receipt for the sum paid to Hogarth for his work, £25, was attached to the painting, and enhanced its extrinsic value. It had been insured for £1000, and was on the eve of being removed to the South Kensington Museum: the house at Littleton having been let for a time by the actual heir. But a chimney on fire sufficed to bring about a most lamentable catastrophe; and of the Littleton Hogarth it must be written "*fit*." The "Strollers" was not the painter's masterpiece; but it was the finest of the three isolated and independent compositions—the remaining two are the "March to Finchley," now at the Foundling Hospital, and "Southwark Fair," which stand in such marked contrast to his consecutive and episodic dramas. There are fortunately a number of engravings from the "Strolling Players in a Barn" extant; and there is a careful facsimile of this famous work, and in a very portable form in Messrs. Chatto and Windus's recently published edition of the Ireland and Nichols' "Hogarth." The loss of the painting itself is simply irreparable.

G. A. S.

#### LITTLE WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Al! my darling poppet sweet!  
Are you come Mamma to greet  
With a kiss this Christmas Day?  
Yes, I know what you would say;  
Glibbest tongue could only tell  
What your bright eyes say as well.  
'Neath your sprig of mistletoe  
Kiss me, Poppy—so, so, so!  
My pet Willie, bright-eyed Willie,  
Thus I kiss you, willy-nilly:  
First a quiet, lingering kiss;  
Then take this, and this, and this!  
So my kisses fall like rain  
Upon lips that kiss again.  
Come, my lambkin, to your mother!  
Let me hug you, almost smother  
You with lovingest caressings;  
May all choicest Christmas blessings,  
All blest things beneath the sun,  
Fall to you, my pretty one!

#### THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Our French artist following the movements of the Carlist forces in the northern provinces of Spain has sent two sketches of the late conflicts in the neighbourhood of Tolosa. This is the chief town of Guipuzcoa, in Biscay, four or five leagues inland from St. Sebastian. On the road towards the coast, about half way, are the villages of Andoain and Urnieta, beyond which, nearer to St. Sebastian, is Hernani, the scene of General Sir De Lacy Evans's defeat in 1837, at the junction of the road to Irun. The Carlists, two or three weeks ago, when compelled to quit the Oyarzun valley by their loss of the commanding position at San Marcos, fell back on Urnieta and Andoain. Here they fortified themselves in the streets of both villages, and resisted several attacks made by General Loma at the head of the troops serving the Republican or Madrid Provisional Government. But it was not in their power to retain these positions many days against a superior military force.

#### CHRISTMAS TIME FORTY YEARS AGO.

Railways have done much to facilitate intercourse between all parts of this tight little island, and the good they are doing, besides the material benefits they confer, in enlarging the minds of dwellers in remote districts, is hardly calculable. But those who can remember the time when railways were not, look fondly back on the old coaching days. It was so delightful on bright days—the dismal, rainy ones are forgotten—to sit on the top of a mail-coach and be whirled along by four spanking tuis. Such glorious views opened out, merging at times into new ones more glorious still—a perpetually changing panorama. Whereas in a railway train, to say nothing of often being boxed up in cuttings and tunnels, only furtive glimpses can be caught of the finest landscapes. Then, too, what a majestic being, in his way, was the rubicund, mottled-faced coachman! How dexterously he handled the ribbons, and what power lay in his whip! Woe to any unwary fly that ventured to rest for a moment on one of the leader's ears; a well-aimed cut, and it teased horses no more. He was the hero of the hour, welcoming passers-by with a curt nod, and rural damsels with a smile, for every hamlet and village had its occupants at the doors as the coach swept by. Brother whips were recognised, in passing, by a jerk of the right elbow, which they answered by a like sign—the freemasonry of the road. On entering a town the passengers felt they were persons of consequence. As the guard's horn twanged the sleepiest town awoke for a few minutes into galvanic life, to relapse again into its normal drowsiness. On arriving at the inn, where perhaps a short time was allowed for refreshment, the horses were pulled up suddenly on their haunches, and the reins thrown in a heap on the horses' backs, amid an admiring group of stablemen and lookers-on. These idlers hung about till, at the words "All right!" the fresh horses' heads were released, the cloths snatched from their backs, and again the coach rattled on. Besides the long-stagers, or those bound from one town to another, there were stray short-stage passengers—gentlemen going fishing or taking a lift for a few miles to visit a neighbour. As Christmas time drew near, the coaches were sometimes laden with holly and mistletoe, and always with huge packages of good cheer. Occasionally the coach drew up at a gentleman's seat by the roadside, and some one or more of the passengers alighted, as shown in our Engraving. This was always an event of interest. Then, too, might often be seen a troop of schoolboys swarming on the top of a coach, mad with delight as they were borne homeward for their Christmas holidays, playing all kinds of antics, beating drums, blowing horns, and wildly screaming. But, somehow, the sounds were not discordant, for the genius of the time harmonised them; and some of the boys' obstreperous glee passed into the hearts of the beholders. Yes, the old coaching days had their pleasures.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of St. Pancras, held on Monday night, at the Vestry-hall, passed resolutions strongly condemning the proposal to erect a permanent hospital for contagious diseases close to Hampstead-heath. It was also resolved, "That, inasmuch as the Local Government Board and the Metropolis Asylums Board have shown no disposition to conform to the wishes of the inhabitants of Hampstead and St. Pancras, it is expedient that petitions be forthwith prepared for presentation to both Houses of Parliament."



THE WAR IN SPAIN: CARLISTS DRIVING BACK REPUBLICANS IN THE MAIN STREET OF URNIETA (NEAR TOLOSA).



THE WAR IN SPAIN: THIRD AND LAST ATTACK OF THE REPUBLICANS UPON ANDOAIN (NEAR TOLOSA).



CHRISTMAS IN ROUMANIA.

## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

## FRANCE.

Prince Hohenlohe, the German Ambassador in Paris, has held his first reception for the season. It was of a very brilliant character. Among those present were M. Thiers, the Duc de Broglie, the diplomatic body, and many members of the Assembly and high officials. The French guests with whom the Ambassador was not acquainted were presented to him by the Duc Decazes.

Relying to a question put to him by M. Gambetta in the National Assembly, yesterday week, the Duc Decazes stated that the negotiations respecting consular jurisdiction in Egypt had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and that papers on the subject would shortly be produced. In Saturday's sitting, after a long discussion, the bill instituting a commission of inquiry for the purpose of drawing up a bill on the government of Algeria was read the second time. On Monday the debate on the Education Bill was continued. An amendment of the Left Centre was rejected, and one of the Left stood over for further consideration. The committee intrusted with the duty of inquiring into the election of M. de Bourgoing, the Bonapartist member for the Nièvre, met yesterday. M. Tailhaud, the Minister of Justice, attended the sitting, and explained that he could not communicate the documents respecting the judicial inquiry into the proceedings of the committee for an appeal to the people. He, however, read the opinion of the Judge acquitting various persons accused of belonging to that body, and stated that the Public Prosecutor considered that there was no ground for proceeding against other persons also belonging to it, who were members of the Assembly or dignitaries of the Legion of Honour. The Committee thereupon determined to meet again for the purpose of considering the matter.

M. Labadie, who was Prefect of Marseilles under the 4th of September Government, has been condemned to pay 20,000 francs damages to the widow of M. Gaillardou, who died in prison there, and the Corporation of the city has also been ordered to compensate her in a like sum.

Garibaldi has published a reply to the charges brought against him in the report recently presented to the Assembly on the operations of the Army of the Vosges during the Franco-German war.

The brother of Lieutenant Belot, the Arctic explorer, who fell a victim to his devotion at the age of twenty-seven, has obtained permission from the French Government to volunteer for the approaching English expedition to the Arctic regions.

## SPAIN.

General Despujols entered Cantavieja (Aragon) last week. He destroyed the fortifications constructed by the Carlists, and released 140 women and 240 men belonging to Aragonese Republican families who had been imprisoned by the Carlist leader Gamundi. On the other hand, the force under the Republican commander, Lopez Dominguez, has been routed in Catalonia by Tristany. There were heavy losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and also of artillery.

It is telegraphed from Berlin that, in consequence of the Carlists having fired upon the German brig Gustav in the bay of Guetaria, the gun-boats Albatross and Nautilus, which were to have left Santander, have been ordered to remain. They are charged to demand satisfaction for the violation of the German flag.

We hear from Paris that Prince Alfonso, son of the ex-Queen Isabella, in reply to the address presented to him by a number of Spanish grandees, said that all the letters he received expressed the conviction that the restoration of Constitutional Monarchy could alone terminate the uncertainty and cruel perturbation existing in Spain. They also stated that the majority of Spaniards held this opinion, and that the Prince would soon have with him all men of good faith, whatever might be their political antecedents, since all will understand that they had not to fear exclusion from a new Monarchy free from party passion. The Prince says he does not know if these anticipations will be realised; but he will omit nothing that may render him worthy of the difficult mission of re-establishing concord, order, and liberty in Spain should God intrust it to him. By virtue of his mother's abdication he claims to be the sole rightful representative of the Monarchy in Spain, which is indissolubly connected with the representative institutions that never ceased to exist during her reign. In conclusion the Prince says:—"I will do nothing without the consent of the Cortes. At the proper moment it will be easy for a loyal Prince and a free people to come to an understanding. Whatever may be my destiny, I shall never cease to be a good Spaniard, a good Catholic, and a true Liberal."

## ITALY.

The Chamber of Deputies adopted Signor Minghetti's Budget, yesterday week, by 188 votes against 62. In the course of the debate Signor Minghetti spoke several times. He promised that he would only incur urgent expenditure and outlays for public works which could not be suspended. He admitted the necessity of amending the administration and the system of collecting the taxes. Signor Depretis, in the name of the Left, said all were agreed with regard to struggling against the deficit, the only differences of opinion being as to the best means of extinguishing it. The bill bestowing a national gift upon Garibaldi was passed, on Saturday, by 207 votes against 25. The Chamber was then prorogued until Feb. 18.

The Pope held a Consistory on Monday, and nominated several titular Bishops for Italian, French, and Spanish dioceses. Seventeen bishops in *partibus infidelium* were also nominated. After the close of the Consistory the Pope received the congratulations of the College of Cardinals on the approach of Christmas. Cardinal Patrizi gave expression to the sentiments of affection entertained by the Sacred College towards his Holiness, adding that at this unhappy period it was a great consolation for them to witness the Pope's admirable patience, which they would endeavour to imitate. The Pope is said to have replied in very serious and earnest language, giving appropriate advice to the cardinals and new bishops. He severely blamed the ecclesiastics who took part in the last elections to the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

## BELGIUM.

The Chamber of Representatives passed the Military Budget on Saturday by 69 votes to 19. The Minister for War, replying to a question, declared that the Government does not intend to modify the present system of recruiting nor replace it by compulsory military service.

## HOLLAND.

According to an official telegram received at the Hague from Acheen, the result of a mission sent to the refractory States on the west coast of Acheen with an ultimatum has not proved satisfactory. The Government announces that Dr. J. Loudon, the Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted. M. van Lausberghe, the present Minister at Brussels, has been appointed to succeed him.

## SWITZERLAND.

The National Council has adopted the principle of divorce

by 61 votes against 30. Divorce may be pronounced either for certain stated reasons or as the result of mutual consent. The council, however, rejected a proposal to permit the Judge to pronounce a divorce as the result of his own opinion that facts proved in evidence showed it to be expedient for the happiness of the parties concerned.

## GERMANY.

Judgment was given in the Arnim case last Saturday. The Court opened at four o'clock p.m.; but, the accused not being present, the Judges informed his counsel, Dr. Dockhorn and Dr. Munckel, that they regarded him as being under arrest, and must insist on his attendance. He was accordingly sent for, and arrived at five o'clock. Judgment was then passed by the Court. With regard to the documents of the second and third class, it was found that the case for the prosecution was not made out. There remained only the documents of the first class, which the accused was charged with embezzling. The Court held that this charge of embezzlement could not be sustained. It found, however, that the accused had purposely made away with documents which were in the place set apart for them to be officially kept, and that this was an offence against paragraph 133 of the Penal Code. The high position of the prisoner and the importance of the papers constituted aggravating circumstances in the case. There were mitigating circumstances—viz., the restoration of certain despatches and the accessibility of the Paris archives to a number of diplomatic agents; but these were not grounds for withholding punishment. Accordingly, the Court sentenced Count Harry von Arnim, Imperial German Ambassador on the retired list, to three months' imprisonment, one month to be considered as having been undergone during the arrest, and to the payment of the costs.

Prince Bismarck is said to have offered his resignation, near the close of last week; but the declaration by the Emperor William of his unabated confidence in Prince Bismarck, and the marked, though indirect, indication of concurrence on the part of the Crown Prince, have been followed by a vote in the German Parliament which reaffirms the same sentiment on behalf of the nation in a signal and striking manner. In the German Parliament, yesterday week, after some business had been disposed of, the third reading of the Imperial Budget came on for discussion. Herr Windthorst moved that the sum of 48,000 marks for Foreign Office secret-service money should be struck out. This was opposed in a long speech by Herr von Bennigsen, who said that the motion could only be regarded as an attack upon Prince Bismarck, at a time, too, when the majority of the German people were ready to pass a vote of confidence in him. Herr von Bennigsen then defended the policy of Prince Bismarck, and declared, amid loud applause, that the documents recently made public had shown it to be emphatically one of non-intervention and peace. Those documents must have had the effect of greatly raising the position of the Chancellor. In conclusion, the Speaker called upon the House to pass a vote of confidence in Prince Bismarck by rejecting the motion. This was done, the numbers being 199 votes against 71. A Ministerial Council was afterwards held under the presidency of the Emperor, and Prince Bismarck will remain in office. In its sitting of the evening the German Parliament passed the second reading of the Alsace-Lorraine Budget without noteworthy discussion. Prince Bismarck was present. The Alsace-Lorraine Loan Bill was thrown out on the second reading. The Parliament, after having passed the third reading of the Imperial Budget for 1875, adjourned, on Saturday, till Jan. 7.

The German Arctic Exploration Society has determined to send another expedition to the North Pole. It has submitted the proposal to Prince Bismarck, and has, according to its own account, received a favourable reply. The Chancellor is reported to have promised a subsidy from the Imperial treasury.

## AUSTRO HUNGARY.

Last Saturday the Upper House of the Austrian Reichsrath passed, in addition to other bills, the Estimates and the Budget for 1875. The Military Pension Bill was read the second and third times. No amendments were introduced, and the bill was passed in the form in which it had come up from the Lower House. The Minister-President thereupon, in the name of the Emperor, declared the Reichsrath adjourned until Jan. 20.

Cardinal von Simor, Primate of Hungary, has formally excommunicated Professor Hattala, of the University of Pesth, for not accepting the dogma of Papal infallibility.

## AMERICA.

King Kalakaua paid a visit to the House of Representatives yesterday week. Mr. Blaine, the President of the House, on receiving his Majesty, expressed gratification at this the first instance of a reigning Sovereign visiting the soil of the United States. The visit was significant as coming from the West and not from the East. He alluded to the rapid growth of the Republic on the western coast and its enlarged intercourse with the insular kingdom, paying at the same time a personal tribute to the wisdom of the King, and expressing a hope that the relations between the two countries would always be of a peaceful character. King Kalakaua, in reply, after expressing his appreciation of the distinguished reception afforded him, said that for the success of his government and the progress of Hawaii towards a higher grade of civilisation he was indebted to the great American people, whose laws and civilisation it had adopted.

In a letter from Vicksburg, the outbreak of the recent riots is attributed to the negroes or the surrounding districts, who, with arms, advanced upon the city from several different directions. The citizens turned out to oppose them, and fatal conflicts resulted. It is telegraphed from New York that the Mississippi Legislature has requested the aid of the Federal troops to restore law and order at Vicksburg.

A meeting of senators has been held at Washington, at which it was resolved to introduce a bill for the regulation of the currency. By this measure redemption in gold is to begin in 1879, a silver substitute to be established in the meantime for the fractional paper currency. The bill is supported by all the Republican senators.

The Finance Bill was read the second time by the House of Representatives on Monday.

The New York papers announce the death, in his sixtieth year, of Mr. Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University. The Tribune says that it was to Mr. Cornell's enterprise that the early extension of the telegraphic system in the United States was mainly due.

The South Australian Register states that a bill has been passed for the incorporation and endowment of an Adelaide University. The Government grant 59,000 acres of land in the outer districts, four acres and a half fronting North-tower as a site for the buildings, and 5 per cent per annum up to £100,000 on all private donations and bequests. The private donations have opened with two of £20,000 each, given by wealthy colonists. Captain Hughes, principal owner of the Wallaroo Mines, and the Hon. Thomas Elder, a member of the Legislative Council, are the donors.

## THE CHURCH.

On Tuesday morning the Bishop of Oxford consecrated St. Stephen's Church, Windsor. The service was of a Ritualistic character, the consecration and celebration taking place at 8.30, followed afterwards by matins and a sermon by the Bishop.

The company appointed for the revision of the authorised version of the Old Testament met last week at the Jerusalem Chamber, and concluded their twenty-seventh session. The revision of the Books of Samuel was completed, and the company began the revision of Isaiah, which was carried as far as chapter i. verse 20.

A deputation—consisting of two churchwardens and several members of the Church of St. Mary, Soho—waited, on Monday, upon the Bishop of London to complain of the change of ritual introduced by their new Vicar, Mr. Gwynne. His Lordship answered that he could be no party to inducing a clergyman to disobey the law; and, however much they might lament the ornate services to which they had been accustomed by the former Vicar, he could only counsel them to exercise a little patience.

The first mission church in connection with the Wilberforce Memorial Fund, which is situated in the parish of St. George's, Camberwell, amid a population of 30,000 souls, was opened, on Monday morning, by the Bishop of Guildford. The church (which is the gift of a private donor) will seat 250 persons, and the district will be worked and the clergy supplied from the Wilberforce Mission-House, Paragon, New Kent-road, under the management of the Rev. H. H. Pereira. The church is dedicated to St. Thomas, and there will be in connection therewith Sunday schools, Bible classes, mothers' meetings, and all the various services usually held by the Christian Church. The seats will all be free and open, the offertory being devoted to the liquidation of expenses.

## THE UNIVERSITIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The examiners at the final classical examination at Oxford have issued the following class list:

CLASS I.—Fox, J. S., University; Freeth, H., Oriel; Gould, M. H., Trinity; Hardy, E. G., Exeter; Lockhart, J. S., Corpus; Munn, J. S., Exeter; Nance, J. T., New; Snow, T. C., Corpus; Tancock, C. C., Exeter; Warner, W., Balliol.

CLASS II.—Awdry, H., New; Bampfylde, F. G., Magdalen; Barry, J. W., Corpus Christi; Bruce, the Hon. R. P., Balliol; Campion, W. J. H., University; Gibson, T. W., St. John's; Gray, H. B., Queen's; Grundy, W., Worcester; Guinness, C. H. C., New; Kershaw, T. H., Trinity; M'Ewen, A. R., Balliol; M'Kenzie, H. W., Keble; Madan, F., Brasenose; Matthew, R. G., Wadham; Sloman, A., Pembroke; Spencer, W. E., New; Thomas, E. C., Trinity; Vaughan, E. L., Balliol; White, H., Lincoln; Wildman, W. B., Christ Church; Wilson, D. B., Balliol.

CLASS III.—Cloughton, H. W., University; Coley, J. D., Hertford; Cornish, J. F., Trinity; Evans, H. M., University; Eyre, E. V., Corpus Christi; Irvine, A., New; Legat, A. H., Oriel; Melhuish, J. E., Wadham; Meredith, S. M., Brasenose; Page, A. H., Balliol; Palms, G., Lincoln; Parsons, J., Christ Church; Rawson, H. G., Christ Church; Reynolds, A., Exeter; Sands, W. H., Lincoln; Sharpe, A. B., Christ Church; Waggett, J. F., Corpus Christi; Wells, E. B., St. John's.

CLASS IV.—Denison, J., Brasenose; Elcom, H. P., Worcester; Hornby, W. B., Brasenose; Morrison, W. E. W., Queen's; Parker, W. S., St. John's; Rooke, W. F., Worcester; Russell, A. F., University; Scott, J., Balliol; Smith, G. H., Queen's; Verschoyle, J. T., University; Winter, A. F., Pembroke.

At Cambridge, the examiners in the Little-Go, or previous examination, which every student is required to pass as showing a fair general knowledge before proceeding with any special branch of study, published, on Tuesday, the list of those who have passed in the examination which was held last week. The list has an important bearing upon recent changes in the regulations, especially that which allows students for the first time to enter this examination in their first term of residence. The result shows that this important change is justifiable. In the first class of part one there are 137 students placed; of these no fewer than 131 are freshmen. In the second class 136 are placed, of whom 73 are freshmen. In the second part of the examination the names of 158 are put in the first class, all of whom, with the exception of 11, are freshmen; whilst of the 101 in the second class of that part 58 are freshmen. There are 267 successful candidates in the additional subjects, and of these 206 are freshmen.

On Thursday week the Westminster boys gave their third and last representation of the "Trinummus" of Plautus, together with a prologue and an epilogue. The little theatre was crowded with old Westminsters and with the friends of the present boys. In the prologue mention was made of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the illness of Lady Augusta Stanley, besides the honours and deaths of old Westminsters during the past year. The epilogue cleverly introduced the characters of the comedy in connection with events of the day.

The winter speeches at St. Paul's School were delivered on Thursday week, preparatory to the "breaking up" for the Christmas holidays. The High Master, the Rev. Dr. Kynaston, presided, and a large number of the boys' parents assembled to witness the distribution of the prizes and to hear the speeches.

The "Doctors' Day" banquet at the Merchant Taylors' Schools, on Thursday week, was honoured with the presence of the Duke of Cambridge and the Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Sim, the Master, presided.

The annual speeches were delivered at Leamington College on Thursday week, and the prizes awarded. Lord Leigh presided, and there was a distinguished and fashionable attendance. The University scholarship was awarded to Kyrke, and college scholarships to Owen and Holland.

Dean Stanley, as Rector of St. Andrew's University, has appointed the Earl of Elgin as his assessor.

Professor Huxley is to undertake the duties of the Chair of Natural History in the Edinburgh University during the ensuing summer session, in place of Professor Wyville Thomson.

The first prize awarded at the School of Art, established in honour of Queen Etheldreda, foundress of Ely Cathedral, has been awarded to the wife of Bishop Macdougal, and the second to Miss Merivale, daughter of the Dean of Ely.

The Rev. Richard Valpy French, LL.D., Head Master of Huntingdon Grammar School, has been appointed to the head-mastership of the Grammar School, Stratford-on-Avon, vacant by the death of the Rev. G. H. Evans.

Mr. C. W. Bourne, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been appointed to the head-mastership of the Bedfordshire Middle-Class Public School.

Various rumours having been set afloat respecting Mr. Holloway's intended gift to the public, the *City Press* gives the facts as follow:—Mr. Holloway is now building at St. Ann's Heath, near Virginia Water, an institution to be called "The Holloway Sanatorium," for mental disorders, at the probable cost of £150,000. This institution is intended for patients of the middle class, and is to be self-supporting. Plans are also being prepared for a ladies' university, to be erected on the Mount Lee estate, near Egham, which Mr. Holloway has recently purchased. It is expected that the cost will be upwards of £200,000, and it is intended that the education shall be of the highest class. The university is not to be endowed.

## MUSIC.

Christmas, the close of the old year, and the opening of the new one, bring the usual comparative subsidence of public musical performances in favour of other forms of entertainment specially associated with the season. Not at this time, however—scarcely, indeed, at any other—is there a total cessation of London music.

The religious aspect of Christmas is always appropriately marked by performances of Handel's "Messiah." This sublimest of oratorios was given twice last week—at the Royal Albert Hall on the Thursday, when the solos were sung by Madame Campobello-Sinico, Misses E. Spiller and Sterling, Signor Fabrini, and Mr. Whitney; and on the following evening, at Exeter Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society—the solos by Madlle. Enequist, Miss Sterling, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Whitney. This was the society's forty-third annual performance of "The Messiah."

The nightly concerts at the Royal Albert Hall have, of course, been interrupted by the occurrence of Christmas Day, the eve of which (as already said) was celebrated by a performance of "The Messiah." Among the specialties of last week was the first performance in England of a portion of Rubinstein's violin concerto, which was finely played by Mr. Pollitzer (the leading violinist of the orchestra) on the Wagner night (Friday). His skilful execution elicited great applause and a recall to the platform. Boxing Day is to be celebrated here by a morning and evening concert, with many and varied attractions.

As stated last week, the first portion of the nineteenth series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace came to a close then, with the eleventh performance, which consisted of the Rev. Sir Frederic Gore Ouseley's oratorio, "Hagar." This work was first produced at the Hereford Festival, in September, 1873, when we spoke in detail of its merits and characteristics. These, especially in some of the skilful choral writing, were again evidenced on Saturday, when the full effects were amply realised by the Crystal Palace choir, in association with the orchestra and organ. The principal solos were sung by Madame Otto-Alvsleben, Misses Wynne and Spiller, Madame Patey, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. J. G. Patey. Dr. Stainer presided at the organ, and Mr. Manns conducted.

On Saturday evening the Hanover-square Rooms were used for the last time for those musical purposes with which they have been identified from the period of their construction, towards the close of the last century. It was here that the celebrated concerts of Salomon were given, for which Haydn expressly composed his twelve best orchestral symphonies, having also conducted some of the performances, during his visits to London in 1791 and 1794, by special engagement with Salomon. Other great composers have been associated with these rooms—some by the production of their works here, others by their performances—including Spohr and Mendelssohn, especially the latter; these incidents having occurred at the concerts of the elder Philharmonic Society, which were given here from 1833 until 1869. The Ancient Concerts, too, were held here from 1804 until their extinction in 1848; and the public concerts of the Royal Academy of Music have taken place in these rooms for some years past. As mentioned last week, the rooms have just been let to a club, and their proprietor, Mr. Robert Cocks, the well-known music-publisher, kindly granted their final concert-use to the Royal Academy of Music, by which institution a varied selection of instrumental and vocal pieces was prepared. There was some exceedingly good pianoforte-playing by Misses A. Curtis, Corolly, K. Steel, and Bucknall, and Mr. W. Fitton; and a violin solo, skilfully executed, by Madlle. Vaillant; the solo-singers having been Misses N. Goode, M. Duval, Reimar, Bolingbroke, J. Jones, Barkley, M. Davies, and Mr. H. Guy. There was a very good orchestra and a full chorus assembled, and the concert was conducted by Mr. Walter Macfarren. The long and important associations connected with the Hanover-square Rooms gave a somewhat melancholy interest to their last use for purposes for which they are eminently well suited in every respect, except their capacity to hold a sufficient audience under the present necessary conditions of large numbers at low prices.

As already stated, the last popular concerts of the year took place at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening and Saturday afternoon of the past week. They are to be resumed on Jan. 11 and 16.

The programme of Dr. Hans von Bülow's last pianoforte recital of the season, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, comprised a long series of solo pieces by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, and Raff, besides the first of Bach's sonatas with violin, movements by Saint-Saëns and Raff with violoncello; and Beethoven's trio in E flat (from op. 70) for pianoforte and both the instruments just named. M. Sainton was the violinist, and M. Lasserre the violoncellist; Miss Julia Wiggin having been the vocalist and Mr. Walter Bache the accompanist.

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "St. John the Baptist" was to be given by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society on Tuesday; and the oratorio is announced for performance by the Glasgow Choral Union on Monday next.

With the view, if possible, of coming to an amicable arrangement as to the holding of the Festivals of the Three Choirs in Worcester Cathedral as heretofore, a conference was held, on Saturday, between the stewards of the festivals and the Dean and Chapter of Worcester in the Chapter House of the cathedral. The conference lasted from noon to half-past two o'clock, but, unhappily, ended without any resolution being adopted. Although the meeting was private, it has transpired that no result has been attained, matters therefore remaining as before, and the use of the cathedral for the festivals being still forbidden. One material objection on the part of the chapter to the continuance of the festivals in their time-honoured form appears to be the payment of money for admission to the performances of sacred music; and as this is considered a *sine qua non* by the festival stewards, no arrangement could be effected. It seems now that if there be a festival at Worcester next year it must be held elsewhere than in the cathedral, and it is suggested that the abbey church at Malvern might be used for the purpose.

Mdlle. Emma Albani has been producing a great impression at New York by her performance as Elsa in Wagner's "Lohengrin." It is to be hoped that this character will be among the representations of the accomplished prima-donna during the next season of our Royal Italian Opera, at which establishment "Lohengrin" was to have been produced in 1872.

At the Society of Arts yesterday week the discussion on protection to inventions was resumed, under the presidency of Mr. Newmarch. Mr. Cole, C.B., gave a history of patent reform, and Mr. Brawell replied on the whole discussion. He expressed himself against preliminary examination, and admitted that there might be some exceptions to the necessity for compulsory licenses.

## THEATRES.

## CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

We have but little to add to the sketch which we gave last week of the pantomime season. An innovation, which has been some time growing, appears to have established itself on this occasion. Many of the pantomimes will be produced on Christmas Eve and the morning of Boxing Day—nay, the Crystal Palace fixed the preceding Tuesday, and the Princess's Wednesday. We are now enabled to state that the Drury Lane annual will, as usual, be edited by Mr. E. L. Blanchard. The Vokes family appear in it; and Miss Harriet Coveney, as the Widow Ching, stands as an example of the Chinese manners which prevail in the action. Of course, Mr. Wm. Beverly provides the scenery, which is projected on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. The accessories, we are told, are very costly. Temple Bar and the Lord Mayor's Show are to be features. The Covent Garden pantomime is by Mr. Charles Rice, under whose management the theatre reopens. The Brothers Grinn supply the Adelphi and the Princess's. The Charing Cross prefers burlesque, supported by Miss Carrie Nelson, as the Wonderful Scamp. The pantomime at the Holborn is by Mr. H. P. Grattan. We have not yet received the author's name of Sanger's pantomime, but that at the Victoria is the joint production of Messrs. Arthur Clements and Robert Scouler. The Surrey has engaged the services of Mr. Frank W. Green in aid of "The Forty Thieves" and their companions, animal as well as human. Mr. John Douglass supplies the Standard, which will produce its pantomime on Boxing Day; and Mr. Charles Merion presents the Marylebone section of the public with "Little Boy Blue" of happy memory. Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Henry Spy are all-sufficient for the Grecian. We endeavour not to anticipate the contemplated effects of the several pieces. Mr. C. H. Hazlewood is the author of the Britannia pantomime; Mr. Akhurst, of the Pavilion; Mr. J. W. Archer, of the East London; and Mr. E. L. Blanchard, of the Crystal Palace. Mr. John Reeves makes great promises in behalf of the Agricultural Hall, which we trust may be fulfilled. We must not omit to mention that the subject of Hengler's Grand Cirque is "Little Red Riding Hood," produced on Christmas Eve, and that of the Polytechnic "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." Other places of entertainment put forth popular programmes.

"Cinderella," it will have been observed, is in very great request this year. The Queen of children's favourites had the glass slipper fitted on her tiny foot for the first time this season on Saturday last at the Holborn Amphitheatre, which has been transformed by Mr. John Hollingshead into a cosy operetta house. It was Rophino Lacy's musical drama of "Cinderella," winding up with a pantomimic ending, that the heroine of the glass slipper appeared in at the Holborn Amphitheatre; and Cinderella was piquantly and tunefully enacted by Miss Constance Loseby, whilst Miss Katrine Monroe was the Prince, and Mr. W. Forrester Dandino. The D'Aubans and Wardes were the leading pantomimists.

"Cinderella," again, appeared in the person of pretty Miss Alice Mansfield, to charm the large holiday audience which assembled on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace. Not only "Cinderella," however, but also "The Butterflies' Ball and Grasshoppers' Feast," figure in the Christmas pantomime, which Mr. E. L. Blanchard has written for the Sydenham Palace, and which possesses, in the "Bridal Bower of Orange-Blossoms and Forget-Me-Nots," one of the most graceful and fairy-like transformation-scenes ever produced on the stage. The harmony of colours is perfect. The brilliant orange-blossoms, enframed with forget-me-nots of the softest hues, expand into fairy-flowers of dazzling beauty; giant golden fuchsias drop from the clouds and veil the glowing lustre; and bewildering change after change results in a picture of chaste and beauteous splendour resembling the most magnificent Valentine ever conceived. The old, familiar nursery story is enacted by Miss Caroline Parkes as the Prince; and Mr. W. H. Payne as Baron Pumpolini, the father of Cinderella (performed by the aforesaid young lady), and of the two old maids, whose grotesque assumption of juvenility forms, with the amusing antics of Mr. Fred Payne, the most entertaining part of the opening. A scene from "Cinderella" will, probably, be given by our Artist next week, when we shall be able to say a word or two about the capital harlequinade with which Mr. Harry Payne, the clown, winds up the Crystal Palace pantomime, produced under the careful management of Mr. I. Wilkinson.

At the Haymarket, the great attraction of Mr. Sothern in his imitable character of Lord Dundreary being unabated, the performance of "Our American Cousin" will continue nightly during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Buckstone sustains his old character of Asa Trenchard, and the new successful actress, Miss Minnie Walton, appears as Mary Meredith, and as Gertrude in Planché's popular vaudeville, "The Loan of a Lover." The first of a series of morning performances of Lord Dundreary by Mr. Sothern is given this day, and will be repeated every Saturday until further notice, commencing at two p.m. and terminating at a quarter to five.

Mr. Phelps appeared at the Gaiety last Saturday as Sir John Falstaff in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor;" and this popular actor's reappearance on the London stage, in the part of the rotund knight, together with the general excellence of the cast, attracted a large audience. The cast was as follows:—Sir John Falstaff, Mr. Phelps; Mrs. Page, Mrs. John Wood; Anne Page, Miss Furtado; and Mrs. Ford, Miss Rose Leclercq; Mr. Ford, Mr. Vezin; Sir Hugh, Mr. Righton; Caius, Mr. Cecil; Slender, Mr. Taylor; Mr. Page, Mr. Belford; Fenton, Mr. Forbes Robertson; Shallow, Mr. Maclean; Pistol, Mr. Soutar; Host, Mr. Gresham; Dame Quickly, Mrs. Leigh, &c.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed now date from St. George's Hall, Langham-place, where they will reappear for the whole of the forthcoming season, after, as we are informed, a very successful and prolonged tour in the provinces. They open to-night, in a new entertainment, written by Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, entitled "The Three Tenants," the music to which is by Mr. F. H. Cowen.

The Board of Trade Inquiry into the loss of the steamer Viceroy, belonging to Messrs. Bailey and Leetham, lost, with twenty-three hands, during the gale in October, was concluded at Hull Police Court on Monday, having occupied the attention of the Court for nearly a fortnight. The charges against the owners of the Viceroy were that the vessel was overloaded, improperly stowed, and badly equipped. These charges failed the owners being exonerated from all blame. The Bench censured several of the Board of Trade witnesses for reckless and untruthful evidence, and referred particularly to the connection of witnesses with Mr. Davies, of Plimsoll's Seamen's Defence Association at Hull, and to the amount of valuable time wasted by the inquiry. They considered that the liberality of the Board of Trade in granting unusual facilities for calling evidence in the case had been abused in a manner which, so far as they could judge, was utterly indefensible.

## METROPOLITAN NEWS.

The lecture season at the London Institution was begun on Thursday week by a soirée.

It is announced that during the present year 111 new members and associates have been elected by the Victoria Philharmonic Institute—a number in excess of that of last year.

Archbishop Manning has addressed a pastoral to all the priests in his diocese urging them to exhort their congregations to promise not to drink in a public-house on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and St. Stephen's Day.

The Lords of the Treasury have intimated that they are willing to take into consideration the suggestion for the free opening of the Tower of London on two days of the week, Monday and Saturday; but at present they do not wish to be deemed as in any way pledged to adopt the proposal.

Yesterday week the Lord Mayor presided over a meeting at the Mansion House, at which preliminary steps were taken for the establishment in the Thames of a training-ship for boys for the merchant service. The scheme has received the approval of the President of the Board of Trade, who has communicated with the Admiralty on the subject.

A circular has been issued to managers of theatres by the Lord Chamberlain on the subject of improper dances and dresses. His Lordship expresses his determination to put a stop to these abuses. He says it is impossible to regulate the details of costume, but he throws the responsibility of such matters on managers, and urgently repeats the appeals made by his predecessor to do away with a scandal which, he says, has now reached a climax.—Legal opinion, having been taken on the question whether the Lord Chamberlain can license places of amusement within his jurisdiction for "morning performances," Sir Henry James and Mr. H. B. Poland, the counsel consulted, hold that his Lordship has no such power, and recommend that persons interested in the matter should endeavour to obtain an alteration of the law.

Monday being St. Thomas's Day, the wardmotes were held in the City to appoint the members of the Court of Common Council for the ensuing year. As a rule, the meetings passed off very quietly, though all the prominent municipal topics were discussed. There was only one contest—viz, in the ward of Cripplegate Without. The Lord Mayor, who presided in Bassishaw ward, referred to some remarks which were made during the proceedings in reference to Lord Echo's projected bill for the municipal government of London, and contended that public opinion had long since decided in favour of the Corporation, and the new scheme was "perfect nonsense." In the ward of Farringdon Without a resolution was passed somewhat hostile to the powers which the Corporation is seeking from Parliament in reference to the traffic in the streets leading to Smithfield Market.

The Lord Mayor, on Saturday last, distributed the prizes to the 3rd City of London Rifle Volunteers, a regiment in which he was formerly an officer.—The annual winter inspection of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery and the presentation of prizes took place in Westminster Hall last Saturday evening; Lord Truro, the Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant, presiding.—A dinner was given yesterday week, at Anderton's Hotel, by the members of the D battery of the 1st Surrey Artillery Volunteer Brigade, of which the Duke of Teck is honorary Colonel, on the occasion of the presentation of a testimonial, in the form of a handsome silver cup, to Captain Bird.—The ninth annual dramatic performance of the 37th Middlesex (Bloomsbury) Rifles took place on Tuesday evening at St. George's Theatre, Langham-place—Mrs. Oxley presented the prizes to the 19th Middlesex, yesterday week, in Westminster Hall.

## THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

The Astronomer Royal has received the following telegram:—From Major Palmer, Christchurch, New Zealand: "English nothing valuable anywhere; clouds. American got ingress and photographs till near third contact. Nobody egress." From Mr. Todd, Adelaide: "Transit of Venus. Ingress cloudy. Egress well observed. Contacts 3h. 4m. 43s. and 34m. 7s. No black drop."

A Reuter's telegram from Pekin announces that the French astronomical party under the direction of M. Faujols succeeded in observing the first and second contacts. There was a slight black ligament. Printed photographs were taken. The weather was slightly hazy.

A telegram has been received from the German astronomical expedition at Tschiflu, in North-Eastern China, announcing that the observation of the transit of Venus was successful.

## ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

Mr. John Hughes, in crossing a spur of Snowdon as a short cut to his home during the snowstorm, became buried in a drift. His body was found on Thursday week.

The Roberttown Cotton Mill, Liversedge, was destroyed by fire last Saturday, entailing a loss of £10,000, which is covered by insurance.

The Pacific mail steamer Japan, while on her voyage from Yokohama, was burned on Thursday week. The fire broke out at eleven p.m., and after it had burnt for two hours the captain decided to abandon the vessel. He and some of the crew and passengers have arrived at Hong-Kong; but two passengers, the ship's surgeon, several sailors, and 400 Chinese are missing.

The Grand Theatre of Kazan has been completely destroyed by fire. No lives were lost.

During a storm on Sunday morning a powder-magazine at Scutari (Albania) was struck by lightning. The force of the explosion destroyed a portion of the city walls and several houses. Two hundred persons were killed or wounded.

The branch of the Russian Imperial Bank at Tomsk, in Siberia, has been robbed of 340,000 roubles. The thieves excavated an underground passage to the vaults of the bank, effected an opening in spite of the strength of the masonry, and carried off all the cash. No clue has yet been found to the perpetrators of the deed.

An official despatch has been received from Lieutenant Cameron at Kawélé, Ujiji, dated May 14. Lieutenant Cameron says that since he last wrote he has made a successful voyage round the southern part of the Tanganyika, and has discovered that its outlet is a river named the Lukuga. From what the Arabs have told him he thinks the Lualaba and the Congo are the same. Should this prove to be the case it will, he says, be of great importance to British trade. The Lukuga was obstructed with grass, but a way could easily be cut through it. At present trade is in the hands of Arabs who live almost entirely by plunder, and seize the inhabitants as slaves to carry their goods. In some places the inhabitants of whole villages have been killed or carried off. Lieutenant Cameron, in conclusion, expresses the opinion that the internal slave trade will continue to increase until proper communication is opened up and the country brought under the influence of civilisation and legitimate commerce.



CHRISTMAS TIME FORTY YEARS AGO.—DRAWN BY J. STURGESS.



A CHRISTMAS DREAM.—DRAWN BY KATE GREENAWAY.

## PANTOMIME CHILDREN.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Every year, and almost every day save Sunday, during the three or four weeks preceding Christmas, you may see, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, if your walks abroad happen to take you into the neighbourhood of the London theatres, a long line of little boys and girls marshalled against the wall on each side of the stage-door. The police very properly will not allow this small infantry to obstruct the thoroughfare by loitering about the pavement; so they range themselves against the wall in question, "standing at ease," laughing, cracking their small jokes, munching apples or crusts of bread, occasionally singing in their shrill young voices fragments of refrains from the popular songs of the day, whistling to chase away care, stamping their feet on the flags, or clapping their palms together to keep themselves warm, now and again pulling off one another's caps, or indulging in similar pastoral gambols for fun; but, on the whole, behaving themselves as decorously as little boys and girls in any rank of life, and under any circumstances, are, as a rule, able to do; which, equally as a rule, does not amount to much. Some very modified authority of the drill-sergeant kind appears to be exercised over these nascent Praetorians (they will be Praetorian Guards, that is to say, "supers," by-and-by), and over these tiny amazons, by boys and girls of a somewhat larger growth than the infantry against the wall; but disciplinary measures do not, in general, go beyond an occasional shove, or a slight, punitive pinch on a juvenile arm, accompanied by such minatory remonstrances as "Bill Bloder, if you 'tis that little 'un agoo I'll get yer the sack;" or, "Mary Jane, leave off, will yer, or I'll tell yer mother when yer gits 'ome. See if I don't." And it is to be observed that whenever a small girl threatens to inform another small girl's mother of her daughter's misconduct she always points her finger at her—as though it were the finger of Fate. So there they stand, cooling their heels in the wintry weather. They are usually very poorly clad, but are not absolutely in rags; and the possession of some article of head-gear, and something which, by a liberal interpretation, may be taken to signify shoes and stockings, is insisted upon as a *sine qua non* before a postulant can be admitted a member of this Liliputian force. It is not a volunteer force; but, on the contrary, an essentially mercenary body, since every one of these children is actuated by the desire to obtain, through his or her services, so many shillings a week. If we assume that the particular Theatre Royal in front of which these young people are mustered is not a hundred miles from Drury Lane, we shall find that their parents are, in the majority of instances, poor working people or petty shopkeepers in the immediate vicinity of "the Lane" or of the outlying courts and back streets of that teeming district. Very often the parents are themselves employed in the theatre, as scene-shifters, as "supers," as assistant gasmen, as "dressers" and "cleaners" or sempstresses in the wardrobe. At all events, the Theatre Royal is the great magnet towards which these human needles (and very sharp little needles many of them will be found to be) are strongly attracted; and day after day throughout December, sometimes as early as ten in the morning, sometimes at noon, but more frequently at two p.m., they muster at the appointed rendezvous, and remain there with tolerable patience, until the stage-doorkeeper or his messenger appears on the threshold and utters a gruff summons of "Now, then, come on!" Then the ranks break up, and the children troop into the theatre to prepare themselves for the arduous duties which they will have to perform on Boxing Night and on many nights following that momentous festival, Sundays always excepted. For these are "Pantomime Children," and modern pantomimes enjoy very long "runs" indeed; some of them covering all January, and extending even into the month of March.

"Pantomime Children" are not always pantomimic fairies. The little girls from nine to twelve years of age who, in pink fleshings and abbreviated muslin skirts, with spangled wings and bits of ribbon and tinsel stuck about their poor little heads, and foil-paper-covered wands in their tiny hands, caper about the stage or attitudinise in laughable imitation of the agile *entrechats* and graceful poses of their elder sisters, are generally apprentices, or at least pupils, who have paid some small premium to a recognised ballet mistress, and who are in training—and very difficult and serious training too—to become professional dancers. After a time, they will develop into ballet girls, and may begin their career on the prodigious salary of fifteen shillings, or even of a guinea, a week. I have heard of theatrical managers who pride themselves on never giving less than thirty shillings a week to the rank and file of the *corps de ballet*, and I honour such managers for their discriminating liberality; for the privations undergone by many of these poor girls at the outset of professional life are very bitter; and the temptations to which they are exposed may be qualified, simply, as terrible. If they are clever and industrious they may rise very high indeed in their calling; if they are destitute of any bright choreographic capacity, but can look tolerably comely in their showy clothes, and can tread the stage with tolerable ease and grace, they may find engagements, but at very trifling stipends, as "extra ladies"—that is to say, as pages in the train of King Cockalorum, as ladies of honour to the Princess Diamondducky, and sometimes—but then they must be physically strong and morally courageous—as "flying ladies." Securely strapped to iron supports, the devoted creatures assume the most wonderful postures very high in air among the "sky borders" and the rainbow-tinted clouds—among the glare and glitter and the limelights and coloured fires of the grand transformation scene. Whenever I gaze upon these poor things earning so meagre a livelihood by such painful means—there is not much danger, if the carpenter and machinist be careful—I always regret that I am not wealthy enough to buy a sewing-machine, or at least a mangle, for everyone of the "flying ladies," and so give them a fair start in life.

The Pantomime Children, pure and simple, have more to do with drilling than with dancing. They are given over to a careful ballet-master, who has to arrange, besides the set dances, all the groupings and tableaux vivants, all the processions and mimic battles [and sieges which sometimes form spectacular elements in a pantomimic "opening."] Thus one of the small infantry who were marshalled just now by the stage-door may be "cast" or called upon to perform, *inter alia*, the "part" of a dog, a cat, a monkey, a lizard, an owl, an imp, a gnome, a demon dwarf, a trump-card, a domino, a chessman, one of the horses to the state carriage of King Pippin, the Lord Chancellor or the Mistress of the Robes to that potent monarch (who is about thirty inches high), and even of a carrot, a turnip, a pumpkin, or a mangold-wurzel. Sometimes the Pantomime Child comes out of a water-lily, or is evolved from the unfolding bosom of a rose. Sometimes he is one of the robin redbreasts who cover the children in the woods with leaves. Sometimes he is Tom Thumb's aide-de-camp, or Cinderella's trainbearer; but occasionally he sinks so low as to enact the rôle of an animated stick of celery. To the lowest depth of degradation, that of performing

a potato, the pantomimic juvenile rarely descends; but vegetable impersonations are very frequently demanded from him, and, looking at that important consideration of so many shillings a week, he cannot choose but obey. These urchins are not, however, wholly destitute of sentiments of emulation and *amour propre*. Although wholly mute while on the stage, and although they are only required to go through some very easy feats of tumbling and posture-making, they like to play important parts, in the sense of the costume they wear being showy, and the titles they bear in the play-bills being high-sounding. There is a very droll story about a pantomime in the opening of which a complete game of dominoes was played, the dominoes themselves being so many children disguised like "animated sandwiches"—that is to say, with tablets in front and tablets behind them, marked with the due number of spots. One morning, at rehearsal, a boy came crying to the stage manager, to complain that he had been "cast" to play "double four" in the game at dominoes, and that a cruel dresser had insisted on his wearing the tabard pertaining to "four and a blank," the coveted "double four" being allotted to his brother, and natural enemy, Jim. He had protested, he had howled, he had "punched Jim's 'ed," but in vain. What was he to do? "I'd sooner give up the perfession at once," whimpered the disconsolate brat, "than be took down so many pegs without never 'avin' done nuffin." The stage-manager was a sensible as well as a kind-hearted gentleman. So he patted the small remonstrant on the head, and said, "Never mind, my boy. You shall play 'double four,' and if ye behave yourself properly till Boxing Night, you shall play 'double six.'"

Long before Pantomime Children are deemed sufficiently skilled to take part in the regular stage rehearsals they are carefully drilled in the saloon or some other large apartment in the theatre. Such a house as Drury Lane offers exceptional scope and verge for the manœuvres of very large bodies of small infantry; the same may be said of Covent Garden; and at these two establishments the number of children employed in the pantomime is always considerably in excess of the quota which can be made available in other places. Nor are their duties wholly confined to the spectacular and legendary "opening." They are often wanted in the "comic business," especially when large crowds have to be brought together on the stage, and when, as frequently happens, a grand pageant or procession of children comes to relieve the somewhat wearisome tomfooleries of Clown and Pantaloons. To train and drill all these children requires a great deal of skill, and a great deal more patience, on the part of the ballet-master; but the task is not half so irksome as is generally imagined. In the first place, the children like the work set them, which is virtually only so much organised play; and, in the next, they are invariably treated with tenderness and forbearance. They certainly prefer the rule of the ballet-master to that of the schoolmaster or schoolmistress. I have heard some ridiculous stories—stories related in a very grave manner, too—of Pantomime Children being disciplined by means of the cane and the riding-switch, and of their being "little white slaves," and so forth; but, so far as an experience of nearly a quarter of a century in things theatrical, both before and behind the curtain, enables me to form an opinion, there is not an atom of truth in the preposterous statements at which I have glanced. Children apprenticed to the most difficult and elaborate craft of circus-riding are often, I am sorry to say, treated with very great harshness: not because the equestrians who teach them are deliberately cruel or naturally hard-hearted, but because it is the traditional and inexorable "rule of the ring" that a given feat of agility must be performed, never mind how often the unhappy little apprentice tumbles off the "pad" or the bare-backed steed. Professional equestrians do not see the harm of slashing a boy or girl with the long whip with which they only crackingly threaten their horses, because they themselves have been apprentices, and have been duly slashed with long whips during the period of their novitiate. The training of Pantomime Children is, however, a much simpler affair than that of instructing youth in the art of equitation; and a modern ballet-master would as soon think of beating his diminutive pupils as of beating Columbine herself. Much also has been made of a supposed evil accruing from the employment of children at theatres in connection with the late hours they are compelled to keep, and "the unhealthy excitement" to which they are exposed. But to these objections it may be at once and plainly answered that Pantomime Children are town-bred children; that they habitually go to bed late, and are not like little rustics who retire to rest with the sun; and as for the "excitement," I cannot help fancying that children are much more unhealthily "excited" by accompanying their mammas to the pawnbrokers' shop, by visiting the gin palace in quest of their papas, and by playing on the doorstep or in the mud of the gutter, than by cutting capers in the "opening" or marching in procession in the "comic business" of a Christmas pantomime.

## A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

This dear little body, with the dear little mind, in a half-unconscious state, wonderfully contained inside the dear little body, slumbers at the parlour fireside, while Mamma and Papa are leisurely dressing up stairs for the party to which all the family are invited. It is only to be accounted for by supposing that the little girl has been out rather too often at night in the course of this Christmas season, and has been allowed to stay rather too late, so as to lose her due child's allowance of sleep. The brain that works incessantly in its round casket of bone under that fair covering of light brown hair—ah! the beloved head of our own sweet "Flossy," or whatever be the name of a favourite little maiden, ten years old—this brain, we say, is a machine that no scientific investigation will ever comprehend. God, who made and manages the universe, has placed within this delicate complexity of nerve-cells and fibres a soul to be educated for His spiritual family in love and faith and holy living. But the material fabric of the brain lies just now at the mercy of a thronging multitude of remembered sensations, arousing the emotional nature to fantastic vagaries of appetite and conceits of external vision. This it is to dream; and the ignorance of psychological processes and causes has often led superstition to ascribe such results as these to the agency of mischievous or frolicsome imps. We know better, and we can afford to disdain the licentious freaks of nature in sleep, which afford no sure indication of the moral disposition as it stands under the control of reason and conscience in waking hours. This is not a greedy child, though she dreams of a plum-pudding and other dainties of the Christmas feast. She will refuse the second slice, because she knows that her Mamma would not approve of her eating it; and she will give the prettiest of the coloured bonbon crackers to the youngest of her small companions. So much for the truth of this Christmas Dream.

Painful accounts of the famine in Asia Minor are published, and it is said that there is a terrible prospect before the inhabitants during the winter.

## LAW AND POLICE.

In an action tried in the Court of Exchequer against the Great Western Railway Company, to recover compensation for injuries sustained in a collision at West Drayton, it was stated that the plaintiff, Mr. Newman, a cigar merchant and commercial traveller, had a few years ago obtained £2000 as compensation from the Great Northern Company, and on another occasion £300 from a different company, both for personal injuries. In this instance the jury gave him £400.

A winding-up order was made, yesterday week, by Vice-Chancellor Malins—no opposition being offered—in the case of the Eupion Fuel and Gas Company.

Vice-Chancellor Hall, yesterday week, ruled, in the case of "Smith v. Chatto," that the extracts in the work called "Thackerayana" were not fair quotations, and therefore granted the injunction asked for to restrain the defendants from publishing or selling the book.

After six days' trial, the Frederick baronetcy and legitimacy case was brought to a close in the Divorce Court yesterday week. The jury, having very briefly deliberated, returned a verdict to the effect that Colonel Frederick and Martha Rigden, the grandfather and grandmother of the petitioner, Captain Frederick, were married, and that the petitioner and his father were the legitimate sons of their parents. A decree accordingly was granted, but the question of costs was reserved.

Legal proceedings have been begun against the Grand Junction Canal Company by persons whose property was injured by the recent explosion; but, although in each case the sum claimed was small, and the initiative was necessarily taken in the County Court, the company has removed the cases to the Court of Queen's Bench, where it is expected that a representative case will be tried in order to determine the disputed question as to the company's liability.

The *Law Times* says that there are twenty-one petitions arising out of the late municipal elections to be disposed of by the municipal election judges, whose number for the current year has been raised from three to five.

Miss Eleanor Blenkhorn, a schoolmistress living near Sheffield, has obtained (from a jury sitting at York Castle to assess damages) a verdict for £600 against Mr. Minnett, a farmer near Grantham, for breach of promise of marriage. He had courted her for ten years, and at length, when some pecuniary misfortune had overtaken her, he, it was alleged, broke off the engagement, and wrote to her to say he thought she would not make a farmer's wife.

The amount of salvage awarded by the Court of Admiralty, £30,000, for the services rendered in saving the French steamer *Amérique*, which had been abandoned at sea, was on Saturday last reduced by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to £18,000.

Vice-Chancellor Malins, on Monday, refused an application to dissolve the injunction granted against Mr. S. O. Beeton, at the instance of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler, to restrain him from representing that they have no right to publish the annual bearing his name.

The action brought by the Rector of a Scotch grammar school against the school board of his parish to prevent the board from carrying out certain changes in the organisation and management of the school, in alleged violation of the agreement on which the Rector entered on his duties several years ago, and asking £5000 as compensation for past losses, has been dismissed by Lord Young. The Rector is left, however, to seek a remedy in a process claiming from the board payment of the actual deficiency of income caused by the changes the board has introduced.

At Bow-street, last Saturday, Mr. John Bates, the publisher of the *Sporting Gazette*, appeared in answer to a summons taken out at the instance of Major William Peel, charging him with having circulated a libel. An ample apology was, however, tendered and accepted.

Miss Stride, having informed the Marlborough police magistrate, on Monday, that she had incurred heavy liabilities for the maintenance of her home for young women, was allowed £30 from the poor-box of the court towards her expenses for the coming year.

For the offence of smuggling 160lb. of tobacco a fine of £100 was, on Saturday last, imposed by the Thames police magistrate, the alternative being six months' imprisonment.

James White, a farmer, was sentenced at Guildhall, yesterday week, to fourteen days' hard labour for having caused a diseased horse to be driven eighty miles with a heavy load.

At Westminster, on Monday, John Kinniment, a lawyer's clerk, was committed for trial on a charge of stealing about £500 worth of goods belonging to Therese Doveren. The prosecutrix had recently undergone a term of imprisonment for complicity in the theft of the late Princess Soltykoff's jewels. On her arrest her boxes were searched by the police, when they proved to be full of silk dresses, furs, and other valuable articles. The prisoner professed to be her legal agent, and they were surrendered to him. When Madame Doveren was released he alleged that they had been burned in the fire at the Pantheon; but subsequently the boxes were restored, minus the best part of their contents. The defence was that Doveren had authorised him to realise whatever was necessary for the expenses of her trial.

A farmer having been charged at Greenwich, last Saturday, with having sold adulterated milk, it was shown that there was a discrepancy in different analyses of the milk that had been made, and the case was dismissed.

Twenty-four persons have been sentenced at the Warwick Assizes, just concluded, to long terms of penal servitude for crimes of violence.

The *Bombay Gazette* states that the Government of India has resolved to recognise the marriage of the Guicowar of Baroda with Luxmabae, and can see no reason why the son recently born to them should not be accepted as the Guicowar's heir.

Speaking at a political dinner at Exeter, on Monday night, Sir Stafford Northcote expressed himself in favour of a judicious regulation of both expenditure and taxation, and said that there is much to be done to improve the position of the country, but that the Government and the people ought to work together for this object.—Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, who addressed his constituents at Oxford on Monday night, announced that he should not make himself unhappy on account of the shipwreck of the Liberal party, because at present the affairs of the nation were conducted on Liberal principles. There had been, he said, a Conservative reaction, but not a political revolution.—Sir John Armory and the Right Hon. W. N. Massey addressed their constituents at Tiverton on Saturday last.

## AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.\*

Six months after the Battle of Waterloo, near the close of a winter's day, a young man stood on the brow of a hill overlooking the valley of the Tyne. A thin covering of snow lay on the ground, and brought out the lines of the distant hills against the cold grey sky. The turnpike road, which here followed for a long distance the line of the old Roman wall, was seen like a gigantic serpent trailing its monstrous length over the swelling hills; and on the opposite side of the river the ruins of a border castle were visible from where the traveller stood. Far away down in the valley lay a village, in the centre of which loomed the old square tower of its church. Lights began to twinkle in the houses as the daylight faded, and the village noises gradually ceased. The sound of the smith's hammer, the shouts of children, the barking of dogs, died away as the darkness increased. Away towards the north, on the high moorland, stood a substantial farmhouse, backed by a clump of dark trees. In this direction the young man gazed long and earnestly, and as he turned to descend the hill he sighed deeply.

Gilbert Fenwick was the son of a half-pay captain who dwelt in the village we have referred to. The captain was proud as well as poor, and associated little with his neighbours, most of whom he regarded as his inferiors. Being a widower, his son had grown up to manhood with not a few of the faults which often follow a youth who has lacked a mother's care. In person he was tall and handsome, in temper headstrong and impetuous. After he had learned all the village schoolmaster could teach him he consumed his days in rambling about the river's banks, fishing-rod in hand, and his nights in earning the character of being the best dancer at every merrymaking for ten miles round.

About two years before the date of our story Gilbert Fenwick had astounded his father by informing him that he loved Mary Rutherford, the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood; and while the captain sat staring and speechless, his son completed the measure of his astonishment by adding that he had the best reasons for knowing that the young lady returned his love. When at length he found words to express his feelings he declared that his son should never marry a farmer's daughter—he was too young to marry at all; and he finally threatened him with a father's curse if he moved another step in the matter. Stung by disappointment, Gilbert left his father's house, and, in the heat of anger, enlisted. He was heard of no more till after the battle of Waterloo, when his name appeared in the lists of the dead or missing. He had done his duty on that day of noble deeds, but at last was severely wounded, and lay long as one dead among a heap of slain. He was discovered, however, in time; and, after months spent in hospital, was discharged, cured, but pale and emaciated. His friends believed him dead, and Mary Rutherford tried to conceal her grief, but never smiled her own blithe smile again.

The young man was now returning to his father's village and to the neighbourhood of her he still loved so dearly. It was quite dark before he entered the well-remembered street of the village, and he thought he was so changed in appearance that few, if any, would recognise him; he therefore walked into the kitchen of the inn, where he found a party of revellers already engaged in keeping Christmas Eve. Seating himself in a corner, he ordered some refreshment, which he discussed in silence, listening, however, attentively to all that passed around him. The subject of conversation was the great battle in which he had himself been engaged, and which furnished gossip to many a village alehouse long after Bonaparte had been shut up in St. Helena.

"A' tell thou," said a brawny young countryman, who had evidently already taken more whisky than was good for him—"a' tell thou a' dinna believe a' they say aboot Shaw, the Life Guardsman. If he was here noo, a' wad match mysel' agen him for a gill o' whisky. A' war'd he was nee great shakes, after a'."

"He need be nee great shakes to match thou," said Mick Vaughan, the one-eyed ostler; whereat the laugh went against the countryman, who forthwith began to pick a quarrel with his nearest neighbour—a tall, dark man, seated in the shadow of the fire, and who appeared to be a stranger. He had, however, drawn the countryman's anger on himself by laughing a little longer than the rest.

"An' who's thou?" cried the countryman. "If thou thinks theesel as guude as Shaw, coom into the middle o' the floor, an' we'll sune see which is the best man." With that he made a dash at the stranger's collar, and attempted to drag him into the middle of the room. The man, however, easily shook off his drunken assailant, some of whose companions interfered and took him away. This little incident had the effect of drawing attention to the tall stranger, and some of those present afterwards remembered the sinister expression of his face while he struggled with the drunken ploughman, and his sulky, cowering manner as he resumed his seat in the chimney corner. Gilbert Fenwick, especially, was impelled by some undefined feeling to watch this man with the keenest interest. He seemed uneasy under the scrutiny to which he was subjected, and soon left the inn. Fenwick then learned that the stranger was a pedlar, who had entered the village the same afternoon with a large pack, which, however, he never offered to open or exhibit to any of the villagers. He had left his pack, he told the landlord, at a neighbouring house, and he fully expected to have plenty of customers during the coming Christmas-tide.

Weary as he was, Gilbert Fenwick would have retired to rest, but he had a yearning desire to revisit the scenes consecrated to his love, and the house where Mary Rutherford lived, and where he had last parted from her. This feeling became so strong that it overcame his weariness. He left the inn, and took the well-known path across the fields. There was no moon, but he knew the way so well he could have walked it blindfold.

That evening Farmer Rutherford had left home, with his younger daughter, to spend Christmas Eve at a friend's house. Mary had declined to accompany them, for she felt depressed and spiritless. All the men of the farm had leave of absence, and were making merry with friends elsewhere. Mary was therefore left in the house with no companion save a servant girl, named Margaret Burt, and the farmer had given very particular directions that they should keep the doors bolted and admit no strangers, for he had a considerable sum of money in the house.

Mary Rutherford seated herself at a window, and as she watched the fading light her thoughts wandered to her lost love. Now that the first shock of her grief was over she loved to think of him and to recall the happy hours they had spent together. Her sorrow was tempered by the thought that he had died bravely in doing his duty, and she well knew that at that moment many a heavy heart was weighted with a grief as great, if not greater, than her own. Her companion, a good-natured, light-hearted girl, tried all her arts to cheer her. At last she attempted to banter her out of her melancholy mood.

"I'm sure, Miss Mary, if I was a young lady like you, I wouldn't mope so much after a young man. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and you have but to hold up your finger to get the best man for twenty miles round."

Mary only answered by a sigh and a wistful look over the wintry waste. All was cold and blank, like her own poor heart.

"Mercy on us!" cried Margaret, all at once, "there's something awfu' coming to the house. Look there!" and she pointed to a figure that was approaching the front door. It loomed large and weird-like in the dubious light.

"Let us go down," said Mary, "and see what it is."

"Who's there?" cried Margaret, through the keyhole.

"Ye needn't be afraid," cried a man's voice. "I'm only a pedlar, and I want to sell ye some ribbons to deck your Christmas bonnets."

"Go away," said Mary, "we want no dealings with pedlars at this time of night."

"Nay, it is late; that's true," said the man; "but if ye'll just let me leave the pack till morning, I'm sure ye'll buy something then."

There was a pause of hesitation, when Margaret said to her young mistress, "No harm can come of his leaving the pack here till the morn. I'm sure the master would like to buy you and your sister something for Christmas."

Mary still hesitated, more from indifference than a desire to act on her companion's suggestion.

"Come in, canny man," said Margaret, "and leave your pack in the kitchen. The master'll be home by daylight; then ye can come back and see what trade ye can do."

"Thank ye, hinn," replied the pedlar, who forthwith entered the house and managed, with some difficulty, to place his ponderous burden on the kitchen floor. As he did so it struck both girls that there was something uncommon about the pedlar's pack. It was unusually large, and then it was such an odd shape! They noticed also that the man took particular pains to place the pack in a certain position. But Mary was too sad, and Margaret too giddy, to dwell long upon the subject. The pedlar took his leave with a promise to call in the morning, and the two girls, after locking and bolting the door, sat down by the kitchen fire—Mary to ponder over the sorrowful past, and Margaret, while plying her knitting-needles, to build castles for the future.

Hours thus glided away, Mary's melancholy eyes fixed on the fire and her thoughts far away with him whom she believed to have fallen on the battle-field. She was roused from her reverie by the clock striking twelve, and found that her companion had dropped into a doze. As Mary turned to rouse her, she fancied there was something strange about the pedlar's pack. It seemed to strike her that it had somehow slightly changed its shape, and she even thought that it moved; but, after a moment's reflection, she concluded it was only the effect of her own disturbed imagination. She knew her fancy had lately conjured up many things which had no existence, and she supposed this was as unreal as the rest. She accordingly awoke Margaret and prepared to retire to bed, but before leaving the kitchen her eyes involuntarily sought again the mysterious pack. Again she thought it moved, but could not be sure. With a silent gesture she directed Margaret's attention to it; and after a moment's pause they both whispered,

"It moves!"

\* What was it? And what was to be done?

They felt sure the pack had moved; and then it was such an unusual shape!

Mary was a brave and high-spirited girl. She reached a gun from the wall, and motioned Margaret to go behind her. The click of the trigger as she deliberately cocked the piece sounded ominous in the dimly-lighted room. The eyes of both girls were fixed upon the fearful pack. They could swear it moved again.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" groaned Margaret, as she sank upon her knees and clasped her hands.

"Hush!" whispered Mary, "if this is a plan to rob the house, our only chance is to be cool and courageous."

Then, raising her voice she said,

"Who are you? If you be a man, as I suppose, and you have come here for an evil purpose, I warn you that I have both the power and the will to do you harm. Lie still till help comes; if not I will shoot you."

A minute, which appeared to the two girls an age, elapsed, and then the mysterious pack was seen to move again.

Mary raised the gun.

"If you move," cried she, "I fire!"

The pack moved violently, as if the thing, whatever it was, inside was struggling to set itself free.

The undaunted girl pulled the trigger. A sharp report followed, and a muffled groan issued from the mysterious heap on the floor, while the smoke from the gun was drifted by the draught up the chimney, as if to carry the news of the deed to the outer world.

The two girls stood transfixed for some moments. Then they saw, to their horror, that blood was oozing from the pack. Drop by drop it gathered on the floor till it broke into a thin line which slowly flowed towards their feet. Merciful Heaven! was it the life-blood of a fellow-creature creeping towards them to mark them with the guilty stain of murder?

We must now go back a little in our story, and follow the footsteps of Gilbert Fenwick, who is on his way to revisit the home of her he still loved so dearly. The path lay for some distance over fields, then through a wood or "dene" skirting a picturesque burn, which it was necessary to cross more than once. As Fenwick entered this wood he became conscious that someone preceded him, by the sound of twigs snapping and branches rustling.

He paused to listen, and clearly made out that someone was passing through the wood in front of him. He crept on cautiously, being careful to make as little noise as possible; and, on emerging from the deep obscurity of the trees, he thought he saw in front of him the tall figure of a man walking rapidly in the direction of Farmer Rutherford's house. Fenwick was careful to keep at such a distance and walk in such a way as to conceal himself from the observation of the man in front of him. This continued through several fields and over a waste moor of some extent; then through more fields until they arrived at the clump of trees at the back of the house. Here there was a stile which Fenwick remembered well, for many a time he had lingered here with Mary before he could say "Good night." At this stile the figure in front of him seemed to pause and turn round. At the same instant Fenwick noiselessly crouched down till the figure had passed the stile. He then ran rapidly, but without noise, in the same direction. His suspicions were roused, he believed some mischief was on foot, and he began to dread that it was directed against the house where Mary Rutherford dwelt, and perhaps against her very life. This thought nerved his arm as, hastily snatching a heavy stake from the hedge, he hurried forward, and dimly saw the tall figure of a man turning the corner of the house.

Fenwick followed with noiseless steps and bated breath. The man seemed to pause, as if listening. He then advanced nearer to the house and uttered a low whistle, while Fenwick watched him with starting eyeballs and clenched hands. Just at this moment there was the report of a gun inside the house. The man leaped up as if he had received an electric shock; hesitated, as if he knew not which way to turn; then rushed headlong in the direction whence he had come.

Fenwick stepped back under the shadow of a tree, and as the man passed he dealt him a heavy blow on the head, which stretched him bleeding and senseless on the ground. It was the pedlar he had seen at the inn.

In another moment Fenwick was at the door of the house, knocking loudly and calling for admission. frantic with fear lest something dreadful had happened to Mary, he called her by name.

"Mary! Mary! It is I, Gilbert Fenwick, come back to save you or to share your fate!"

Then he heard the bolts drawn, the door was opened, and Mary Rutherford fell fainting into his arms.

"O, Sir! O, Mr. Gilbert!" cried Margaret. "You've risen from your grave to save us from murder and robbery. I'm not sure but there's murderer in the house even now," and she pointed, shuddering, to the bleeding pack.

Fenwick placed the senseless Mary in a chair. As he held her hand and gazed into her pale face, he felt all his old love surging up in his heart. He called to Margaret to bring water, and while that young person went to fetch it he imprinted more than one kiss on Mary's beautiful lips. She at length opened her eyes, and, as consciousness returned, she knew that her lover was not dead, but was kneeling beside her. Leaning her head on his shoulder, she shed a flood of tears—tears of joy for his return and thankfulness for her own escape.

"But see," she said, pointing to the pack, "there is a man concealed there. I believe he came to rob the house, and I have shot him. Perhaps he is dead," and she shuddered.

Fenwick went to the mysterious pack, and, opening it where it lay, displayed among a heap of rags the senseless figure of a bleeding man.

"Why," cried he, "it is Jamieson, the poacher! And I believe his confederate is lying outside as insensible as he is."

He then explained how he had been induced to come to the house; and, suspecting the man he encountered had intended burglary, if nothing worse, he had felled him to the earth as he turned to fly on hearing the gun fired.

"But we must get help," said he. "Run to the nearest cottage, Margaret, and tell them to come here at once."

"Eh, Mr. Gilbert," cried Margaret, "it is easy to say run, but I may be murdered before I can get back."

"Come, come," said he, whispering in her ear, "I'll stand at the door while you go; and I'm sure young Ralph will see you safe back."

The damsel gave him an arch look, and tripped away without more hesitation.

Having satisfied himself that the wounded man was not dead, for he could hear him breathe, Fenwick returned to Mary, and related to her the particulars of his own escape from death and his return to his native country. In a short time help arrived, and the wounded man, believing himself to be dying, confessed that they intended robbery. He had been tempted by the seeming pedlar to allow himself to be conveyed into the house in the manner already described, and when all was quiet he was to admit his confederate. Being a small man, he was easily carried by his companion; and he was kept from suffocation by breathing-holes being made in the pack. He said when he thought he was discovered he tried to extricate himself from his prison before worse came of it; but unfortunately he only hastened the catastrophe.

The poor fellow, who was well known in the neighbourhood, had gone from bad to worse, and at last had been tempted by his wily associate to step from poaching to burglary, and so found himself in his present plight.

Contrary to his expectation, he recovered from his wound; and the merits of both himself and the pretended pedlar were afterwards fully recognised by the law.

The half-pay captain forgave his son when he found he had distinguished himself in the service of his country; and he ever afterwards regarded farmers' daughters with more respect when he found one of them, in the person of Mary Rutherford, had borne herself with such courage and firmness in circumstances of difficulty and danger.

Before another Christmas came round Mary Rutherford had changed her name to Fenwick; and for many years afterwards there was no fireside tale half so popular in the district as the story of the Long Pack.

## A SHIP-LOAD OF CHRISTMAS ORANGES.

The statistics of foreign and colonial trade with the port of London, and other commercial doorways of Great Britain, might be analysed to show the amount of our imports expressly for the provision of Christmas fare. Let us only think of the plums and currants, the raisins and almonds, the figs, the oranges and lemons, the nuts of different kinds, the spices of various aromatic potency, the sugar for every description of sweetmeat and sweetening, the wines and liqueurs, and the miscellaneous groceries, which enter into the consumption of a bounteous household. Can any well-informed person tell us all the places on the coasts of Spain and Portugal, on the Mediterranean and Levant shores, or in the East and West Indies, which send us these ingredients of dainty feeding, in anticipation of the latter part of jovial December? Who shall compute the aggregate tonnage of the vessels by which all these pleasant commodities are brought to Happy Old England, for the entertainment of so many hundreds of thousands of desiring palates, and to promote general hilarity among the members and guests of every cheerful family in the United Kingdom? We have not been furnished with the needful data of facts and figures; but we know enough to be quite aware that merchants and shipowners, as well as retail shopkeepers, would rue the suppression of Christmas, with its old-fashioned, handsome hospitality, as cutting off no small amount of profitable business. The importation of fruit from different parts of Southern Europe, but especially that of oranges from the insular Portuguese and Spanish fields of their cultivation, must be reckoned of considerable value. A scene often to be witnessed at the docks and wharves is shown in our Illustration. It will perhaps be remembered on Christmas Day, when the dish of bright golden fruit, so fragrant to the smell and delightful to the eye, is put on the dessert-table after dinner.

The Danubian Chamber of Deputies has unanimously passed a vote of confidence in its president, M. Ghika.

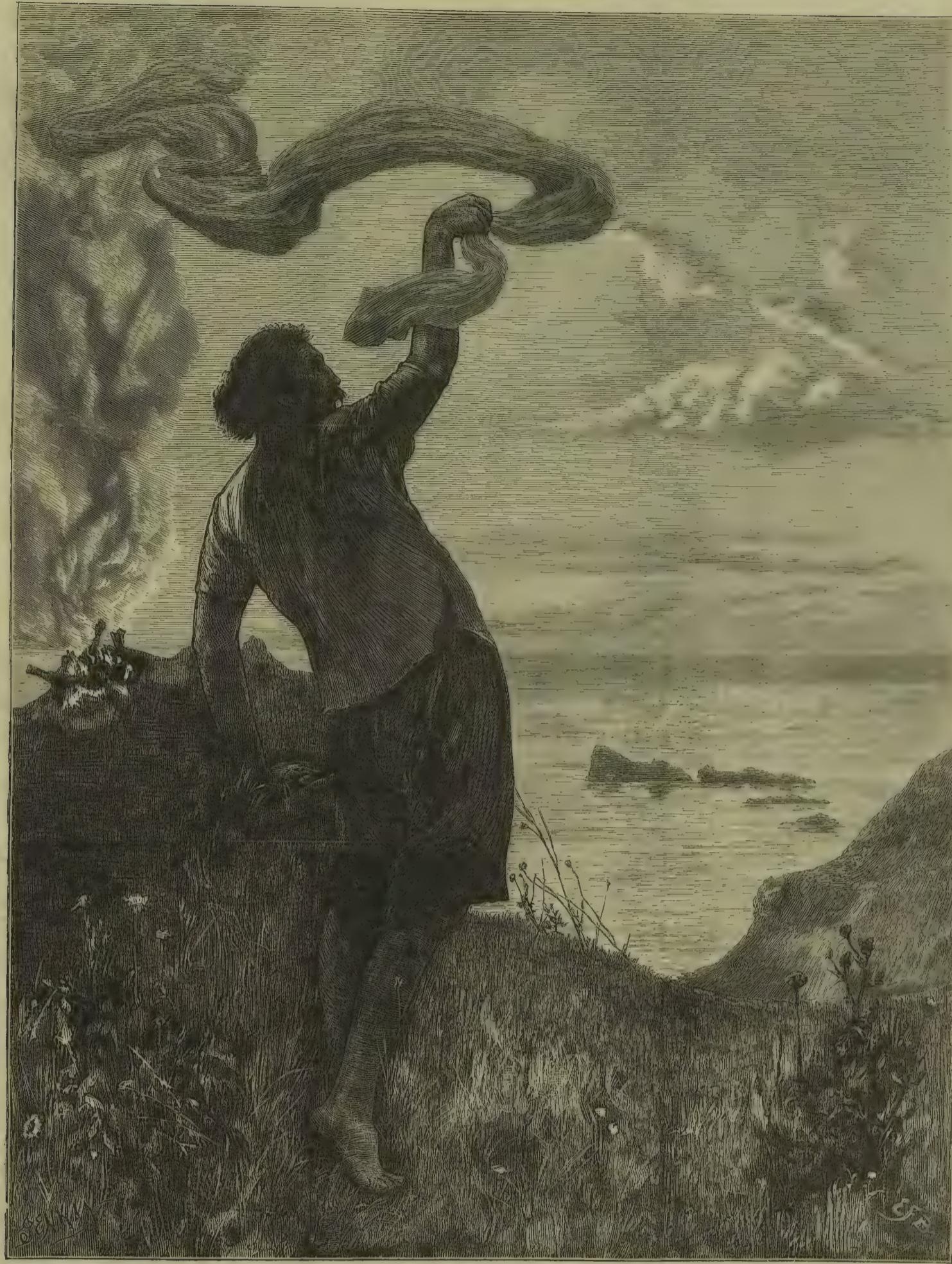
Señor Avellaneda, President of the Argentine Republic announces that the troops which have restored peace to the country are being sent home.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Monday has a long letter from Mr. H. M. Stanley, describing the social aspects of Zanzibar, and a conversation which the writer had with the Sultan on the subject of the slave trade.

\* In the winter's boyhood the main incident of this story was current at Armagh, as a fact.



LANDING ORANGES AT FRESH WHARF, LONDON BRIDGE, FOR CHRISTMAS.



"SINDBAD SEES A SAIL." — BY E. F. BREWNTNALL.  
IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

#### THE LATE SIR W. JARDINE, BART.

The death of this eminent naturalist has been mentioned. The late Sir William Jardine, the seventh Baronet, of Applegirth, LL.D., F.L.S., F.R.S., was born at Edinburgh in 1800. He was a son of the sixth Baronet, whom he succeeded in 1821. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1820 he married a daughter of Daniel Lizars, Esq., of that city. He married, secondly, in 1871, Hyacinth, the only daughter of the Rev. W. S. Symonds, F.G.S., &c., Rector of Pendock, near Tewkesbury. Sir William was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of Dumfriesshire in 1841. He was one of the special commissioners in connection with the Salmon Fisheries Act of 1860. For this office he was eminently qualified by his accurate work on the Salmonidae of Great Britain. He was, indeed, devoted to the study of natural history, with every branch of which he was familiar, but more especially with ornithology. On this subject he was one of the greatest living authorities. His character showed an indefatigable energy and much perseverance "in gathering gear," as his illustrious countryman, Burns, would have said. But he displayed also such genial manners and genuine hospitality as made Jardine Hall the favourite holiday resort of many a brother naturalist. Sir William's contributions to natural science were voluminous. His most popular work is the "Naturalist's Library," in forty volumes. He is also familiarly known to the scientific world by numerous contributions to zoology, and by a most valuable monograph on the footprints of extinct reptilian animals found in the old red sandstone of Annandale. His valuable and extensive ornithological museum at Jardine Hall is perhaps unrivalled by any private collection in Great Britain. He is succeeded by his eldest son, now Sir Alexander Jardine, who was born in 1829.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Co., of Piccadilly, taken for the Royal Society.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, BART., NATURALIST.

#### CHRISTMAS IN ROUMANIA.

Roumania being, along with Russia, Greece, and all the communities of Christians in the East, twelve days behind the rest of Christendom, Christmas Day is fêted on Jan. 6, new style, and the year begins on our 13th. In a country which forms a sort of connecting link between Eastern and Western manners and institutions, the baksheesh-giving of the former combine with the Christmas and New-Year's presents of the latter to create a vacuum in the pockets of the class of givers.

The shepherds and other peasants get up a sort of "Passion Play," supposed to represent the adoration of the Magi, which is combined with dancing and singing, and reminds one much, in the get-up of the performers, of the sword dances still extant in our northern counties. Our Engraving is intended to give an idea of such a scene in a Moldavian village. The festive bowl takes its place with other attractions at this period, for your Moldavian peasant, when he does get a holiday, is scarcely inferior to a Russian in his devotion to raki, absinthe, and rum; and toes, which if not light, are tolerably fantastic, are also exercised. But the great delight is a whirligig, of which in every town and village there are public ones without number.

The committee of the Society of Arts appointed to award in prizes the sum of £500 given by an anonymous donor with a view to encourage the development of improved means for the economic use of fuel in private dwellings have issued their report. Five prizes of the society's gold medal and £50 each were offered for competition. There were 204 articles sent in for competition, of which 107 were retained for the purpose of being tested. While giving full credit to the invention and efforts of the competitors for the care and labour which they have bestowed upon their contrivances, the council, nevertheless, are unable to award any prize.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

We deeply regret to have to record the death of Mr. H. M. Feist, which sad event took place, at Croydon, on the 18th inst. Mr. Feist was well known to all the sporting world under his nom de plumes of "Augur" and "Hotspur," and had been on the staff of the *Sporting Life* ever since that paper was first issued. Until consumption took firm hold of him, Mr. Feist was singularly energetic and an indefatigable worker. His acquaintance with all classes of racing men was immense, and his writing was characterised by a strong vein of quaint humour. He leaves a widow and family, who are not so well provided for as could be wished; and a movement is on foot to raise a fund for their benefit, which we have no doubt will meet with the cordial co-operation of all who knew him.

Whatever may be the delights of an "old fashioned Christmas," there can be no doubt that it is fatal to outdoor sport of all kinds, and during the continuance of the present hard frost, hunters, steeplechase horses, and greyhounds have "got no work to do," and we are compelled to turn to the statistics of the past racing season. Glancing first at the list of winning owners, we find that Lord Falmouth (£15,775) neminimally heads the poll, Atlantic and Ladylove having been the chief contributors to this grand total. "Mr. Lunde" (£15,225) is placed next, though he has to depend almost entirely on *Apology*, as Holy Friar did not win a single race of the value of £500. M. Lefevre (£14,624) is a splendid third, and we consider that he ought really to take the first place, as the amount won by the Phantom Cottage horses when running in the name of Count Lagrange (£4525), should scarcely be placed to a separate account. In spite of his Epsom and autumn handicap successes, Mr. Cartwright (£3463) is only a poor fourth, being hardly pressed by Mr. Vyner (£7671), who owes his prominent position almost entirely to the achievements of the handsome Camballo. Mr. Savile (£5900) and Mr. Chaplin (£5780) are close together, taking a lower place than in the Cremorne and Hermit days; and the lucky Mr. Gomm (£4865) is just behind Mr. Crawfurd (£5488). Captain Machell (£3930) has not had a good year, and the blue and black of Lord Stamford (£640) has been too seldom seen in our racecourses. The bad luck of that plucky sportsman, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth (£535), still clings to him, and Sir A. de Rothschild (£380) has not yet had time to revive the faded glories of Mentmore. Mr. Gretton (£379) must be quite ready for another Sterling, while Lord St. Vincent (£290) has done little since the days of Lord Clifden.

Adventurer (£21,057) is naturally first of the winning sires, for such a trump card as *Apology* was sure to gain him that proud position. Blair Athol (£16,622) is invariably in the first three; and though, at present, none of his sons or daughters have inherited the stoutness which brought him home two lengths in front of the best field that ever ran for the Derby, we do not at all despair of seeing a scion of the Cobham sultan winning races over cup-courses, and it may be that Garterley Bell will stay as well as a Criterion winner should. Old Thorntanby (£12,876) has once more come prominently to the fore; and George Frederick and Louise Victoria have placed Marsyas (£10,277), another victim, in a far more prominent position than he seemed likely to occupy again. Cathedral (£9063), a sire whose merits have never been properly appreciated, has also done well; but Lord Clifden (£6844) is low down in the list considering his opportunities; and his old rival, Macaroni (£5582), might have done better. Hermit (£4690) gives promise of becoming one of the most fashionable sires of the day, and Broomielaw (£4167½) has also done well; but the two Yardley cracks, Oxford (£3995) and The Duke (£1514), have been decided failures. There has been no Maria Stuart this year to help Scottish Chief (£2030) to the top of the tree, and Gladiateur (£1960) was very unfortunate in losing the services of the flying Hero, Lord Lyon (£1812) scarcely does credit to his "triple crown," and The Earl (£925) appears a failure at present.

On Monday the pair-oared race for £200 a side, between Thomas Winship and Robert Bagnall, of Newcastle, on the one part, and Robert Watson Boyd, of Gateshead, and William Lumsden, of Blyth, on the other part, took place on the Tyne between Bill Point and Howden Dock landing-stage, a distance of about three miles and three-quarters, the lower reaches being selected because the upper part of the river was obstructed with ice. Although Winship and Bagnall got off with a lead of half a length, yet before they had gone fifty yards Eyd and his partner took the lead, and at the end of a quarter of a mile they were nearly two lengths ahead, eventually winning easily by about six lengths.

The Dublin Corporation has resolved to ask the Government for a loan of half a million to carry out main drainage works, the loan to be repaid out of the contributions by Government to local taxation.

A public meeting was held in the Music Hall, Birkbeck, on Monday night, to raise funds for erecting a memorial to the late Mr. Laird, M.P. It was decided that the memorial should take the form of a bronze statue. A committee, which included Lord Derby, Lord Egerton of Tatton, Lord Sandon, Sir Watkin Wynn, the members for the county, and about one hundred other gentlemen, was formed. The subscriptions announced amount to £900.

## "SINDBAD SEES A SAIL."

This picture by Mr. Brewtnall, which had a place in the Winter Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, just closed, recalls the thousand-and-one delights which in the days of our youth we received from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The subject selected, therefore, seems specially suited to the season when everybody is expected to join in the reading, telling, or hearing of stories, and when one is fain to turn back to that inexhaustible mine of wonder and romance to which the artist so skilfully directs us. There are few English boys to whom "Sindbad the Sailor" is not a familiar favourite. Alas! they doubtless remember his marvellous adventures and his many hairbreadth escapes far better than the writer does. We believe, however, we are right in saying that poor Sindbad was twice in danger of dying of starvation had not a passing ship despatched his signals. On one occasion, he tells us, he hailed a far-off vessel by making signs to it with a great branch of a tree. At another time he made his signal with a garment which he had taken from one of the bodies of the dead in the cavern to which he had been lowered with his dead wife, according to the custom of the country to which he had wandered. It is this occasion obviously to which the picture refers. It is not, we believe, mentioned that he lit a fire also, but that is an inventive addition on the painter's part which is perfectly legitimate. We must not, however, give particulars here of the marvellous adventures which brought Sindbad to this critical position. Doubtless, our Engraving will send some, at least, of our young readers to the original, and even the older ones may be tempted to revive the delightful impressions of those happy days when all the world was wonderland, and coloured with more than Oriental imagination.

A monument has been erected on the tomb of Lessing, in the cemetery at Brunswick. It consists of a granite pyramid, bearing on one side a profile portrait of Lessing in bronze.

John Ivanovich Gornostaïev, professor of architecture at the Russian Academy of the Fine Arts, died on the 11th inst. He was a distinguished architect, and designed many of the finest of the Russian public buildings.

It has been arranged that the settlements at Sierra Leone and on the river Gambia shall be constituted one government, to be called in future the "West African Settlements," and Mr. C. H. Kortright has been appointed governor.

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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.  
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—Ordinary Return Tickets (with certain exceptions) issued at any station on the Great Western Railway on Tuesday, Dec. 22, and following days, will be available up to Friday, Dec. 25, inclusive.

On the same day Third-Class Return Tickets, at cheap fares, will be issued by certain trains from Paddington, Victoria, Battersea, Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington (Addison-road), Westbourne-park, to Exeter, Plymton, South Molton, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, and Portland, and vice versa, available to return on the 24th inst.

Fifit and Second class passengers can obtain Tickets for Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, and stations beyond, available for the train on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., and up the time of departure, on Thursday evening.

On Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, a SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (first, second, and third class) will leave Paddington at 10.0 p.m. for Plymouth, calling at Reading (11.0 p.m.), Ludstock (11.27 p.m.), Swindon (12.5 a.m.), Bath (1.5 a.m.), Bristol (1.30 a.m.), Bridgwater, Taunton, Exeter (about 4.20 a.m.), Teignmouth, and Newton, and arrive at Plymouth at about 6.10 a.m.

Passengers can be booked to and from the Intermediate Stations at which this train calls, and the cheap Third-Class Tickets between London and Exeter and Plymouth will be available.

On Christmas Day the ordinary trains will run as on Sundays. For further particulars see Handbills.

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A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO THE VICAR.—DRAWN BY A. HUNT.

## THE WHITE LADY OF HERRIARD'S KNOOL.

## CHAPTER I.

The "Wild Man" of Upton Herriard stands at the top of a steep hill, down which runs to the river the irregular street of red-roofed cottages which forms the central village of Upton, flanked half a mile to the right by Upton Woodleigh, and a mile to the left, past the chief entrance to Herriard Park (now in the possession of Samuel Grumble, of Manchester, but for many centuries the seat of the "haughty Herriards"), by the hamlet of Little Upton. Below all three clusters of houses runs the quiet, picturesque river Heire, from which the Herriards were said to take their name, and in which once every hundred years one of their race was drowned.

It was a cold, bright night; early in October; men sat round the fire in the bar of the Wild Man, and talked with the landlord—a round, rosy, respectable, cheery man of fifty—of coombs and acres, game laws, horses, ghosts. This last subject was started by a thin, dark-eyed stranger, an apostle of spiritualism, who was putting up for the night at the Wild Man.

Denys Soames answered him. "Ghosts—spirits; bosh! No sensible man believes in them. There ain't such things."

"For once we're agreed, Mr. Soames," the Curate of Upton said, entering at the moment, and putting down his hat upon the table; whereas the others took off theirs. He was a keen, rather liberal young fellow, who liked now and then to spend half an hour in the bar of the Wild Man, where he met generally Denys Soames, a sceptic of some education and a certain polish; now and then the Doctor, a jolly unbeliever, forced by his profession to be Church of England; always two or three of the better class of villagers—slow, though not wanting in shrewdness; and the landlord, important but pliable—all things to all men.

"For once we're agreed. No good Christian can believe in such impious superstitions. Our Father is incapable of these degrading mockeries."

"The witch of Endor, Sir," said the spiritualist glibly, with the air of one entering on a familiar controversy. "What was she—what was the phantom of Samuel? I might bring a hundred other instances from Oly Writ; but one is as good. What was the witch of Endor?"

"A humbug," answered Soames roughly, as the curate hesitated in his reply. "A hundred years ago they'd have ducked her in the horsepond; but her time was the childhood of the world, and we're in its second childishness."

Denys Soames was a gloomy, grizzled man, a year or two over fifty: almost handsome, almost gentlemanly in his ways and voice, almost clever, but soured and imperfect—a strong man, but a failure. He was, they said, a descendant of a scapegrace Herriard, who had married beneath him: a little above the villagers, he would not associate with them, and with him no one would associate—except every man's friend, the landlord. He did very little, loved nothing, believed in nothing.

Except—there was an exception. "They're all humbug," he went on. "Ghosts, goblins, fairies, angels!"

"Devils; Denys Soames? Come, come, don't say you disbelieve in Old Nick!" quoth the host.

"They're likeliest; but, with men and women as they are, what do we want with devils? I've neither faith nor fear in any of 'em."

"No devils?" slowly asked a big, well-to-do labourer. "Then who fulfil the curses? That's known you believe in them, Master Soames."

It was one of those curiously coarse, personal arguments which men of his class use entirely without hesitation. Soames had cursed a disobedient son, who a week after met with an accidental and horrible death; and he was well known to hold a firm and shuddering belief in the power of a curse—most of all, a *Herriard's curse*: one uttered by any in whose veins ran one drop of the "black blood of the Herriards." Even now he trembled slightly at this sudden blow.

"That's another matter, Joe Swanniker," he replied. "It stands to reason that a fearful thing like a curse isn't to fall to the ground harmless. But ghosts and bogeys, like what you saw one Martinmas, when your thick brain was muddled with 'Wild Man' swipes—it's only fools, and knaves, and women are frightened of them."

There was a general laugh at Joe Swanniker, which "rile'd" that heavy Boetian; and he answered, vengefully,

"That's easy said, Master Soames—rare and easy; but hearing ain't always believing, thou seeing is. They say you've Herriard blood in you, and dare you say you ain't afraid of the White Lady that walks this very night at Herriard's Knoll?"

"The ninth—Eve of St. Denys!" said the curate. "He's right—this is the night the White Lady is supposed to appear."

"Supposed, Mr. Vincent!" Soames shouted, angrily. "That's the word, right enough! Supposed by a lot of thundering fools like Master Joe here! If I have Herriard blood in my veins—which may be one reason I'm not quite such an ass as most Upton folk—I'm no more afraid of the White Lady, Denys night or other night, all the year round, than Joe Swanniker is of spoiling his brains with swipes here—and for much about as good a reason. He knows he can't hurt his brains, because he hasn't any; and I know ghosts can't walk, because there ain't none."

"What is it?—what is it?" asked the spiritualist, eagerly. "This phantom—this spirit?"

"The White Lady of the Herriards only appears on the Eve of St. Denys," the landlord said. "And then she does no harm, unless she's watched; but if a stranger goes to spy her, she curses him, and he dies within the year. If one of Herriard blood goes, she cries out sadly, and within the year dies the fairest of the family. The time is an hour before midnight, the ninth of October; and if Mr. Soames is so cocksure there's no such thing, let him go and watch her, and to-morrow night I'll stand a bottle of wine to this good company. If he durstn't, or if he sees her, let him do the same."

The landlord had been annoyed at Soames's repeated allusion to the "swipes" sold at his house, and this was his revenge. Denys half started up, with a scornful readiness to go; then sank back unresolved. His morbid and superstitious dread of a curse made him shrink before the mention even of the ghostly one spoken of by the landlord. Strange as it seems, in spite of his utter disbelief in all phantoms, the thought that flashed through his mind was, "Would the White Lady take me as one of the true Herriards, or would she curse me as a stranger?"

For sarcasm of the strongest, rudest, most totally unfeeling, there is no one like your true boor. Joe Swanniker roared in delight,

"He's afraid! I'm be gorm-blamed if he ain't afraid! Ha, ha!"

Denys sprang up with an oath, snatched up his hat, and rushed out into the night; the others rose, followed him to the door, and peered into the darkness after him. There was no moon, and he soon disappeared from their sight under the heavy trees of the park which overhung the road to Little Upton.

"He'll be arly for the goost," Joe Swanniker remarked, tranquilly.

"Ah!" said the landlord.

After a minute they turned back into the bar and sat down again in silence.

At last the host spoke, regretfully (he was a very good fellow at bottom),

"I wish I han't sent him after the White Lady. Certainly I don't exactly believe in them things. But there's no mistake that's a born Herriard: eyes, and nose, and eyebrows all tells it. Them old tales may be true, you know, Mr. Vincent; and, anyhow, I hope no harm won't come of it."

## CHAPTER II.

The landlord was right in one respect; there could be no mistake about Denys's likeness to the Herriards. His mother was the daughter of a thrifless Denys Herriard, who, disowned by all his kinsfolk for his *mésalliance* with a beautiful peasant, had left his child nothing but the family features and a strange bitter echo of the family pride. This child, Mary Herriard, married a young farmer named Roger Soames, who died early, leaving her, the proudest and most unpopular woman in the village, a penniless widow, teaching their one child Denys to despise the boors around him, but entirely unable to raise him above them.

The boy grew up in a fierce and jealous pride; he would make no friends of his own age, and at sixteen went to London, where he hoped he might be able to associate with gentlemen—"his equals," the poor lad thought. For a little while he fancied that his wish was gratified: like a country boy, he took everyone in a black coat and hat for a gentleman; but he soon found out his mistake, and found, too, how impossible his dialect, his uncouth manners, his poverty and want of friends, had made the poor, pitiable, angry ambition he had cherished. He tried, long and hard, if from a scarcely worthy motive, to improve himself; but every year in London only showed him more plainly the utter failure of his hopes.

His mother died, and he, coming down to her funeral, met old Soames, his grandfather, eager to atone for much past hardness to them—provoked, it must be acknowledged, by their own pride. Denys, whose attention to his superficial education had not been accompanied by an equal devotion to work, was not far from starving, and was obliged to "pocket his pride" to the extent of taking some little Government post the old man was able to procure for him, and even accepting some ready money to start with.

A few months before, his savagely independent nature would not have stooped to accept this aid; but now, for a short time, it was changed. He was in love: a little country-girl, one of the very few friends of his boyhood, had grown during his absence into a woman—tall, fair, and almost beautiful—and had not forgotten him.

He found one who loved, admired, looked up to him; who thought it almost an honour that he should speak kindly, as a friend, to her; who, instead of laughing at his rough speech or staring at him with dull lack of comprehension, almost courted his society, listened to him with bright and unconcealed happiness. He loved; and while he loved he was humble, kind and courteous, industrious, successful.

It passed away before very long. They married, and soon settled down to the monotonous life of a village; the lights of London flashed before his eyes in the dull evenings; the whirling crowds were wanting in the sleepy street of Upton Herriard, in the lonely road that led to Little Upton, where he lived. He grew rough, moody, careless in his work; the smile went out of his wife's face; she had borne him two children, a boy and a girl, for whom he did not seem to care; and in four years she died—a pale, disappointed, weary woman.

The boy, to use the expressive phrase of the villagers, "turned out bad." He would not work, he drank and gambled; at last, when he was nineteen, a grown man ("Herriard blood" always aged quickly), having by long and reckless play lost the sum—enormous to him—of two pounds, he stole money from his father's drawer to pay this "debt of honour."

Denys, shuddering with a savage horror, caught him. For a moment the father seemed paralysed; then he raised his heavy stick to thrash him, as he had too often done before.

The young man set his teeth doggedly. "If you do I'll fight," he growled. "I'm two inches taller nor you; and I'm masterly strong."

They were no longer father and son. After these words they were deadly enemies; they hated each other. Denys dropped his stick, and was silent for a minute. Then he said,

"You're right. You've dishonoured us—me, and those I come from; and thrashing ain't the punishment. You shall have a heavier one—one that'll stick to you till your grave. I curse you, Harry Soames. I lay on you a father's curse; I lay on you the black curse of the Herriards!"

"Father!" the young man cried.

"You're no son of mine. May your life be blasted, and short, and shameful; may your death be shameful, and sudden, and soon! May your body rot, and your soul rot, and your memory rot! Go, Harry Soames, the curse is on you! Get up, you whining coward!"

For the boy was grovelling on the ground before him, clasping his legs, howling, and sobbing, and crying in brutish agony. He kissed his father's feet and clutched his hand; and the father kicked him off and left him there.

The next week the wretched lad spent at a little beerhouse, drinking away the two sovereigns he had stolen, and then the credit they procured him. On the sixth day he offered, while drunk, to drive a cart for a sleepy waggoner; fell off, and was crushed beneath the heavy wheel.

The curse had fallen. His death was shameful, sudden, and soon; and beneath this answer to his hideous prayer the father fell, stricken by fear more than remorse. He did not die; but he was only saved by the incessant and devoted care during his long fever of his other child—a girl of sixteen, whom secretly he loved, though she never guessed it, and who did not love him. How could she? She had loved her mother.

He recovered at length; and the old dull life went on at the cottage, but far duller and more lonely than ever. Alice, the daughter, met no one of her own age; most of the girls in the villages round had their sweethearts, many of them were married before they were eighteen—peasants marry very early; but she, taught to expect love and courtship by the one or two novels she had read, knowing herself the prettiest girl for miles round, found year after year go by, and every youth they knew treated with such absolute rudeness by her father that even east-country stolidity took the hint and stayed away.

She was twenty-four when her life's story began—barely twenty-five when it ended. It was very short and dark and bitter. Let me tell it in as few words as possible.

During the hunting season, eight years after her brother's death, there came to stay at Herriard Park a tall, handsome ne'er-do-well, poor and unscrupulous, the younger son of a Viscount, who established himself as friend of the family to

the Grimbles, the rich, if not aristocratic, owners of the Park. Looking out for some way to make the heavy time pass less drearily, this man came across Denys Soames's beautiful daughter, and easily, without her father's knowledge, made her acquaintance.

She was high-spirited, handsome, original, a new sensation to the blasé man of the world; he was interested, and became rather fond of her. She fell in love with him, wholly and wildly; she adored the cultivated polished gentleman, who treated her as though she were a queen, a real lady, his equal, fit to be his wife. What need to tell more of the sad, common story? A sham marriage; the heartless deception revealed to her shortly and unfeelingly when the "gentleman" was tired of his latest toy; the somewhat precipitate retreat from Herriard Park, of a Viscount's younger son; and, a few months later, the discovery by Denys Soames of his daughter's ruin.

Again he stood before one of his children, quivering this time with a more deadly rage; he hurled at her fierce and foul words, he struck her and swore at her, but she was braver than the boy, and did not tremble.

"Don't curse me, father, that's all!" she said. "People wouldn't like it if I got killed too. Besides, if you're a Herriard I'm a Herriard, and if you curse me I'll curse back!"

To do him justice, it was not the threat—terrible as it was to him—that stopped the curse he had almost spoken; he dared not curse again—he knew too well that Heaven heard him. He roughly thrust her from his doors, giving her what money he had in the house—not five pounds—and bade her go for ever.

"Never darken the door you've dishonoured again! Go, and live in shame or die in a ditch—it's nothing to me. You're no child of mine! I—I loved you once; but now I hate you bitterer than hell! Go! and never let me see you more."

"Father!" the girl said, touched for a moment—she had never dreamt he loved her; but he turned away and shut the door, and she never saw him again.

This happened six months before the evening at the Wild Man, and during that time Denys Soames had been growing week by week more sullen and savage—more like a lonely fiend, less like a man; and even his visits to the cheery landlord's tap had become less frequent. Once he had spent every evening there; now he began to drink at home.

## CHAPTER III.

Denys ran up the little hill which led to the park gates, not far from which was the haunt of the White Lady—Herriard's Knoll. There was a short cut to Little Upton across the park, which led you to the foot of the knoll—an ordinary little mound enough, with a cleft in the top, almost concealed by a bush which grew over it. In the daytime there was nothing in the place but the usual prettiness of a well-wooded park; but night gives everything a strange, solemn charm; and Denys stood still for a moment, almost fascinated by the dark, quiet scene, as he turned off the high road on to the noiseless grass.

Through the gloom of the moonless night he could see the arms of tall trees stretched towards him—he could hear the whisperings of the wind like mysterious steps approaching and following him. He was too used to solitude to fear it, he was not a superstitious man nor a coward; but he almost trembled as he stood alone—as he thought of the curse he had defied.

The curse of a ghost! It was too ridiculous, and he laughed aloud at the thought. His laugh rang out, hollow and hoarse; then there was a moment's silence, deeper and darker than before; then a long, piercing scream. He started, though he knew well enough what it was—only the mail-train from London rushing swiftly by: it passed not half a mile off, with its mane of flaming steam waving redly through the night. So passed him now all human life, not heeding nor helping him; he did not ask for sympathy nor aid—he thought he had no need for them; and he hated mankind, careless and selfish.

This train only reminded him that, as Joe Swanniker had said, he was early for the ghost—it was not yet eleven. He turned away, relieved by the thought, and went into the road to wait. Life in an ignorant village, among superstitious peasants, had had its effect upon him, indignantly as he would have denied it; he could not throw off an undefinable dread of his task—an unwillingness to put to the test his disbelief in the spirit that haunted the home of those he was proud with a gloomy pride to call his ancestors.

He sat down on a heap of stones by the roadside, and tried to think quietly and sensibly, to reason himself out of the foolish nervousness which had come upon him. But quiet thought was what he had been dreading and trying to avoid for the last six months, and in its train it brought the memories he had been stifling with savage lonely mirth and drink. Quiet thought meant the first pause in the forced unceasing round of hasty work, coarse joke, over-drinking, over-exercise, sometimes over-eating even, sometimes a violent suspension of all thought, which had now lasted half a year. He saw his daughter's steady, defiant face; he heard that one last imploring word, "Father!" he neglected for a moment to check such memories, and lost altogether the power of doing so.

All came upon him again—the proud rage, the despair, the impotent hatred; and again for a time he was whirled away by passion and lost all control over himself. He leapt up wildly and shook his fist and cursed. Then, beaten by the silent unheeding darkness, he sat down and laughed grimly.

"She's no more to me. She's gone; let her go. I don't care whether she live or die—I'd rather she were dead, though; it's more respectable."

He laughed again, and sat motionless till he thought it was time to go and "look up my lady," as he said. His mood was changed, and he felt no fear nor reluctance to encounter ghost, devil, or angel. He rose and walked towards the knoll; when he had nearly reached it he fancied he could just make out—he had grown accustomed to the darkness—something white glittering at its top.

He shut his eyes and turned away. "It's nothing, it's nothing," he muttered, breathing quickly. "Those fools at the Wild Man can't have been playing tricks; no, the parson wouldn't let them. There was no one in white there, only my cursed folly. Besides, she'd cry out sadly, 'I'm of the Herriard blood!'"

Was it the last thought that revived his courage? Surely not; yet it was not till then that he opened his eyes and walked boldly forward.

A white sleeve moved above the knoll, as though the Lady beckoned to him. He stood, setting his teeth, too proud to flee, but unable to move towards it or to speak. A few seconds passed—it seemed an hour; his breathing was so loud, he thought, that he could not have heard the scream of a train had one passed.

He heard, though, another sound. As he listened there came a faint low wail—almost like a child's, he thought—and the arm above him was thrown up in agony. A gust of the

keen October night wind cut through him; his knees trembled, and he almost sank upon the ground before the spirit. It was true, then,—the White Lady was no vulgar superstition; and he had doomed to death the fairest of his race. He knew too well who that was.

The sad cry came again. He stepped forward, to throw himself upon his knees, and pray the spirit to remit the fearful punishment of his boldness; but she would have no power to do that, he remembered. Suddenly, with a convulsive effort, he laughed aloud; if this were all a creation of his drunken folly a laugh would dissipate it; he would have risked no curse, have won his bet.

Again the arm was thrown up with a gesture of despair, and for the third time he heard that childlike wail. With a cry of angry shame he leapt forward up the knoll; he felt that in another moment he should flee in utter fear; his solitary reckless life had weakened him—not given him power and independence, as he had proudly hoped. He clutched wildly at the floating gleam of white, and with a curse found it only a handkerchief hanging on the highest bough of the bush. In the cleft at his foot lay a little crying child. [See Illustration.]

He swore again loudly; then suddenly sank upon his knees beside it, sobbing "Thank God! thank God!" The revulsion from fear—the double fear of the awful spirit, if it were one indeed, and of the mockery which awaited his cowardice if it were a trick—actually awoke a feeling of tenderness towards the child who had saved him when he thought one or other the curse or laughter, inevitable.

"Poor little thing!" he said, lifting it carefully. "Deserted; left here to die. The mother loved it, though. She put you where the cold wind couldn't reach you, didn't she, my dear? Poor little fingers!"

They were clutching him fondly. The baby—it was hardly a month old—nestled to the warmth of his arms, and slept at once, without another cry. "I must take it home," he thought—not angrily, as at any other time he would have. "We'll give you some milk, and put you to bed, little un."

He hardly knew himself as he walked homeward carrying the child—such a change had come over him for the moment. He pressed it to his breast almost fondly, and put the handkerchief over its face as a shelter from the wind. The pleasant surprise of finding only a harmless baby instead of either a dreaded spirit or a disagreeable humiliation made him step along cheerfully, glad of the opportunity of doing a kindness to the unprotected little one. When they reached his cottage he laid it carefully in his bed, and lighted a fire to warm a little bread and milk for it. Fortunately he had not had tea at home that evening, so there was some milk, which he quickly prepared, laughing rather grimly at his occupation. When he had put it upon the fire to boil he went to look at the sleeping child. It was smiling, happy in the comfort of the warm bed. He had given it this happiness; and to give happiness was a new sensation to him.

"How long may it be since you took care of a baby, Mr. Soames?" he asked himself. "Not since she—curse her! what a pretty child she was! There's something in this one rather like her, too.—Eh?"

He lifted the handkerchief to see the sleeping face more fully, and noticed on its corner the letters "A. S." They were his daughter's initials. He snatched it up. Yes; he remembered having bought her some just like it. He knelt by the bed to look more closely into the child's face; and even in its little features, by the dim light of the candle, he could trace the likeness to the Herriards he had so often noticed in Alice.

It was her child—the living witness to her disgrace; and he had saved it from death.

His course was plain. She had doomed it—not he. If the mother wished its death why should he interfere? He would take it back; and before the morning, by her act alone, it would have perished. He hated it; he hated her; and here, without the guilt of murder—for he would simply have left it as he found it—was a noble chance to prove his hatred—his undying, unchanging detestation of that disgrace of her house. "The Herriards never forgive," he thought—and thought it with pride.

He turned again to the bed, from which he had started away. He put his hand upon the child's, meaning to carry it back to the cleft in the knoll where he had found it. It partly woke, and with its little waxy fingers instinctively clasped one of his, and moved towards him a little—even in sleep showing a confidence in him; an awakening love, perhaps.

The thought struck him: "They know I've been to the knoll to-night. If a child is found dead there I may get into trouble about it." Perhaps it might be wiser not to take it back! He drew a long breath of relief at the thought.

But he could not help seeing how easy it would be to put the child down anywhere else in the park; nor feeling, from the greatness of that momentary relief, that in his heart he was unwilling to kill the pretty innocent baby. He was intensely mortified with himself. "If only I hadn't happened to see the brat!" he thought. "It would have been dead by the morning without my troubling myself about it. I will do it, though!"

His pride was struggling hard to make him a murderer, and any struggle between right and wrong in his mind was utterly strange to him. For a very long time he had invariably done without hesitation whatever it had occurred to him to do—good or evil. Now, he ground his teeth with rage as he found what an effort it was to subdue the one good feeling that had visited his gloomy soul. He called the child every vile name he could think of—not aloud: that would have waked it—he tried every way, he summoned every hateful memory, to lash his evil passions into fury. There was a weakness about his hatred now that sickened him; he called himself a poor, white-livered fool, worthy to be deceived, and scoffed, and dishonoured by his children.

"That brat shall die!" he shouted at last. The drops of sweat stood on his forehead, so intense had been his efforts to work himself into the murderous frenzy he longed for. His voice woke the child, and it turned towards him, frightened, crying a little. Would not this fear destroy the weak scruples its pretty confidence had raised? Did not that shrill feeble cry doom it?

He stood over it, and again looked into its face. It left off crying for a moment. Its dark eyes gazed at him wonderfully, innocent, fresh from heaven, ignorant of evil; so utterly helpless the tiny thing lay there, a human heart could hardly steel itself against all pity—only to look at it for a minute must surely keep him from his purpose.

He stood by it long, silent and motionless, in the dark night, with only that one little face lighted by the flickering candle. Not his whole life, but bits of it from its beginning came across his memory; scenes of misery, wickedness, want, conjured up by the spirit of evil that was dragging him down—only very few gleams of happiness or goodness to aid the one feeling that fought for the baby's life—"This one is innocent!" The silence, made gloomier, it seemed, by the creaking of doors and windows and the harsh ticking of the clock, was

crushing him; he feared the loneliness; this struggle had wrought upon his nerves, he was growing timorous and superstitious again. He dared not be here alone—he could not stay in the house without this little living thing to keep him company; he took its hand, as if for protection; he would not kill it.

Angrily he rushed to the window and threw it open. The cold air would bring him to his senses; he had never made such a fool of himself in his life. He looked out into the broad stillness of night; there was a cold shudder in the air that said the day was dying, the new day would soon be born. He tried to speak: "I'll kill; I'll—" The words would no longer come: those tender open eyes, those clinging fingers, had choked them.

A murderer—he would have been a murderer; he had not thought of that. It was a deeper disgrace to a family than such a daughter as his. He would not kill the baby—he would send it to the workhouse next morning, explaining how he had found it, but not telling them that he was certain it was—*hers*.

What brought that sudden rush of wild, uncontrollable passion over him? Was it the solemn, shrouded beauty of Night's deep and tender bosom—was the holier beauty of loving memories for a moment returning—was it that helpless crying child? He never knew.

"I loved her! I loved her!" he cried to the unheeding solitude. "Alice, my daughter! I loved her—I was proud of her! She had the fine Herriard beauty—she might have been the noblest lady of the land. My darling—Alice! And she's lost, through my fault—mine! She's lost—she's lost!"

He fell upon the bed, sobbing aloud; the child cried, and he clasped it to his breast and kissed it. He was freed now from that fearful name of murderer which had been choking him—the name that he had feared, that had been striving to clutch him, ever since he had cursed his son: the name of which to-night he had felt the loathsome print upon his forehead. He had cowered in the devil's grip, and now some power had saved him. He had never in his life known such fear and such relief. The village superstitions that he had combated with a hard scepticism had seized him that dark night and conquered him: and yet he was free again. Perhaps for the first time since his boyhood, he wept.

When the depths of night grew grey, and the earliest cocks crew and awoke their fellows; when a pale light glimmered feebly in the east, and gathered strength and broadened till it flooded the whole sky; when vast waves of amber rolled and rippled all around, from the spot behind the hill where the dawn was soon to rise; when quickly, quickly, with an ineffable glory, the bridal sky blushed rosy red at the coming of her lord, the sun; when He came, and over the broad peaceful plains and the winding river was day, calm and glorious, but throbbing with the ecstasy of birth: at the time of universal life and waking, as in the death of slumbering night, Denys Soames knelt with his scarred and guilty forehead touching the soft bosom of the child. They slept; and this sleep brought to him strength for a new life, better and humbler than the old.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Next morning, as Denys walked slowly towards the Wild Man to take his customary glass of ale before he began the day's work, his predominant emotion was one of utter shame; he was thoroughly angry with himself for the weakness he had shown during the night; still, he had made up his mind to keep and bring up the poor child, and to acknowledge it as his grandson. He was a better man than he had been, though not yet much better; he meant to do right in this instance, but he also meant to be revenged on Joe Swanniker and the landlord as fully as bitter sneers and taunts at their superstitious folly could avenge him.

As he reached the door of the little inn he thought he heard the Curate's voice reading aloud in solemn accents, "They haven't made a meeting-house of the Wild Man, have they?" he thought, laughing; and paused on the threshold to listen.

"I curse him, my father, Denys Soames, with the black curse of the Herriards, now and for ever. Alice Soames."

These were the words he heard. They struck him like a thunderbolt; he staggered in and fell into a chair, almost unconscious. The curate, the host, and the spiritualist, who were alone together, started in horror at the sight of the unhappy man's blanched face.

"Denys!" the landlord said. "And he's heard it!"

No one else spoke. At last Soames muttered, "Who found that paper, and where?"

Nobody dared to tell him. Rousing himself angrily, he stamped on the floor, and said, "Speak, some of you! Answer me!"

The Curate felt that it was his duty to speak.

"This was found," he said, in a low voice, trembling, "not an hour ago, on your daughter's—body."

"A mile down the river, Denys," the host added. "She ha'—she ha' drowned herself, my man. Don't take on—don't take on about it."

Once in every hundred year  
Dies a Herriard in the Heire,"

Denys repeated mechanically.

"Ay, ay! It's your fate, you know. Don't take on; that's no fault o' yours, thow she say!"

"What?" shouted the wretched father. "Read it—read that paper to me! My eyes are bad this morning. I can't see."

With an effort, the Curate read, twitching the crumpled paper, nervously,

"I am Alice Soames, of Little Upton. When this is found I shall be dead—drowned by my own act. My child will be dead too, 'tis likely; most men know who is its father. It was mine, Denys, who caused my death and its, by turning me out of doors to starve in my shame. I found we must die, so I left it on the top of Herriard's Knoll, with a handkerchief above it that may catch the eye of some good man. If any such shall find it, and will keep it alive and well, oh, may the God of heaven bless him and reward him! If it dies, through the fault of him whose cruel pride would not forgive his sinful daughter, I curse him, my father, Denys Soames!"

"It's saved me! it's saved me! The child, the pretty one, has kept the curse from falling! Alice, Alice! you may be happy now! I'll pay your little un the love and the forgiveness I owed you, my poor lost girl! All I do for it can never pay what it has done for me this day! Gentlemen, I found that child—I saved it—and it has saved me from the black curse of the Herriards!"

EDWARD ROSE.

At a friendly dinner, last week, a handsome silver inkstand was presented to Mr. James Payn, in acknowledgment of the ability with which he had for seventeen years co-edited and edited *Chamber's Journal*, and of the unfailing kindness and courtesy which he had displayed towards those who, having for many contributed to the journal, gladly showed their respect, esteem, and sympathy by subscribing to the testimonial.

## The Extra Supplement.

### SHORT-HANDED."

High Art has been said to be "the representative of something nobly done or suffered;" and we are, for our part, content to accept this definition. If this be true, then is the picture before us emphatically one of "high art," though no nude Greeks or other classical figures here attitudinise in the conventional style. These are only common British sailors doing their duty, and making no fuss about it; and the steadfast way in which they confront the situation is told in the most realistic manner. The storm has been a wild one, and all hands have been at the pumps throughout the night. Even the skipper's wife has to do her share. And now, as day is dawning, the weather has moderated, and they are working off the lee shore. Their vessel is standing as close hauled to the wind as she can. But her hull has been terribly strained; the seams have opened, and she is making water fast. Now is the critical moment. If they can but keep the leak under they may hope to weather the next headland, and, with a clear run before them, reach their port. Could they secure the aid of a steam-tug it would make their chance a certainty; therefore they hoist the signal of distress, the union jack reversed.

This is a scene of everyday occurrence around our coasts. And even at this festive Christmas season, when the thoughts of all on land are turned to jollity, our brave fellows at sea may any day be called upon to do battle for their lives, as is here depicted. The artist, Mr. Lionel Smyth, knows the sea, and has personally faced its dangers, as some will recollect, in a generous effort at Boulogne to save human life.

### A PRESENT TO THE VICAR.

The crowning festival of the year, hallowed by sacred traditions alike of religion and charity, and named from our Divine Redeemer, should bring tokens of neighbourly kindness to every household. In the observance of this custom, it seems especially becoming to honour the minister of Him whose birth among us, "for us men and for our salvation," is commemorated by the keeping of Christmas. We would make no distinction, in this reasonable acknowledgment of the Christian pastoral office, between those of the ecclesiastical Establishment and those of every Nonconformist association. In each community, admitting their equal right to the free profession and practice of their own ideas of Divine worship, the man who is appointed to serve his brethren in that department of social life ought to enjoy their affectionate respect. Now, the sending of Christmas gifts, such as may be unpacked from a hamper and placed on a dinner-table, is happily still recognised in English society as a proper mode of expressing personal regard. A country clergyman who is, perhaps, by his birth, education, character, and manners, the truest gentleman in his parish, not excepting the squire and the neighbouring peer, may yet without shame accept from the wealthy farmer this seasonable contribution to his larder. In the particular instance, however, which our Artist has fancied for his drawing, it seems to be from the lord of the manor that an offering of substantial good cheer has arrived. There is game in that hamper which the children are helping the maid-servant to open, and it is a game-keeper, we should say, who is getting his bread and cheese and beer in the outer room. But this is just as well, for the example should do good.

### CHRISTMAS ON AN ICE-FLOE.

The second North German expedition to the Arctic Seas was sent out from Bremen in June, 1869, and arrived there, on its return, in September, 1870. It was equipped by the contributions of merchants and men of science, under the patronage of the King of Prussia and of the Berlin Geographical Society, at the suggestion of Dr. A. Petermann, of Gotha. An interesting narrative, by Captain Karl Koldevey, who commanded both this expedition and that of 1868, has been translated into English by the Rev. L. Mercier. It forms a volume, edited by Mr. H. W. Bates, assistant secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, and recently published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., which is very well worth reading. The vessels employed were the steamer Germania, 90 ft. long, 22½ ft. broad, and 11 ft. deep, of 143 tons burthen, stoutly built, and fortified by an iron sheath; and the schooner Hansa, of 76 tons burthen. The scientific members of the expedition were Dr. Börgen and Dr. R. Copeland (an Englishman) for astronomical and physical science; Lieutenant Julius Payer, of the Austrian army, for geography; and Dr. A. Pansch, for zoology, ethnology, and botany, on board the Germania; Dr. Buchholz and Dr. Gustavus Laube, on board the Hansa. The latter vessel was under the command of Captain F. Hegemann. The east coast of Greenland was to be explored as far northward as possible, in the hope of reaching the North Pole, and perhaps even getting across the polar circle to Bering's Strait. The expedition, however, did not get beyond the 77th degree of latitude, where a point of land, at the end of Dove Bay, was named "Cape Bismarck;" the adjacent mainland is "King William's Land," and in front of it lies "Koldevey's Island." During the winter months, the shores of Greenland are bordered by a vast field of ice, over which they had to travel hundreds of miles in sledges, but this mode of conveyance was sometimes exchanged for boat-journeys in the creeks and openings through the ice. The Hansa was wrecked or crushed among the icebergs in October; but her officers and crew, saving the needful stores, and building a house of snow with the aid of timbers and sailcloth, contrived to live on the ice through the winter. It is interesting to read (page 125) the account of how they kept Christmas in this cheerless situation, which we have endeavoured to illustrate by one of our Engravings. These brave Germans, according to their national custom, erected a Christmas Tree, which was adorned with wax candles and paper garlands; they plucked off and distributed the usual toys, crackers, and gingerbread nuts, as children do at home; and they were comforted, each man of them, with a glass of port wine, followed by a cup of chocolate. But their position was one of extreme danger, and they suffered terribly, in the dreary months that followed, before they could reach the shore of Greenland, where, at the Moravian mission at Friedrichshthal, they found a kind and hospitable welcome.

The Rock states that the venerable Dr. Moffat, who, notwithstanding his advanced age and protracted labours in the African mission-field, is still in the enjoyment of excellent health, was, last week, elected an honorary member of the National Club.

At the annual meeting of the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture, last Saturday, Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., secretary of the Local Government Board, resigned the presidency, on the ground that his connection with the Government rather hampered his independent action as president of the Chamber.



In the cleft at his foot lay a little crying child.

"THE WHITE LADY OF HERRIARD'S KNOOLL"—DRAWN BY J. PROCTOR.



CHRISTMAS ON AN ICE FLOE, 1869 (LATITUDE 67½ DEGREES NORTH), AN INCIDENT OF THE NORTH GERMAN POLAR EXPEDITION.—DRAWN BY J. TARLTON.

## NEW BOOKS.

Among the recent publications are two which call for some notice on account of the high position and social notability of the persons to whom they relate. But since, from these very causes, all the facts in each narrative have been fully reported and discussed by the newspapers of the day, we need scarcely dwell upon them at any length. *The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort*, of which Messrs. Smith and Elder have published the first volume, is a biography of great public interest. Still that interest is not of the kind which arises from the novelty and originality of the subject; and it will be sufficient for most of our readers to tell them how far this portion of Mr. Theodore Martin's work, under the direction of her Majesty the Queen, has yet extended, and in what manner it proceeds. It is to be observed, at the outset, that this is not a continuation of that memoir of the early years of Prince Albert which was prepared by the late General Grey. To a certain degree, it rather supersedes that memoir, beginning, as this does, with the birth of his Royal Highness at Coburg, in 1819, and devoting three chapters to his youth in Germany. The appearance, indeed, of Baron Stockmar's valuable memoirs and correspondence has cast a large amount of new light upon all circumstances of the matrimonial engagement between Prince Albert and our young Queen, so happily united on Feb. 10, 1840. That wise and faithful domestic counsellor, next to the late King Leopold of Belgium, must be esteemed the true author of what we consider an inestimable blessing to England, as well as to Victoria and her family—a wedded life of exemplary content in the affectionate fulfilment of every mutual duty, and in steadfast pursuit of the worthiest public and private aims. More than this not the most enthusiastic admirer of the Royal wife and husband could wish to be testified on their behalf; less than this would fall below the honest truth, which has long been so gladly and gratefully acknowledged by us all. Yet it is Baron Stockmar, the Court physician, whom we cannot but regard as the hero of this narrative, though Mr. Theodore Martin and her Majesty, of course, thought more of the beloved Prince Consort. The fact is that Stockmar was a very superior man, both intellectually and morally; and, in spite of the singular unselfishness and unobtrusiveness of his character, he exercised a quiet power over the minds of those illustrious persons whom he devotedly and modestly served. It is greatly to their honour, and was greatly advantageous both to them and to the world, that they frankly yielded to the influence of one so well qualified to be their confidential adviser. Royalty, in our judgment, is never more dignified, or performs its function with more efficiency and security, than in seeking and following the best counsel within its reach. If every Sovereign House in Europe had possessed its Stockmar, and had been inclined to obey his injunctions, during the last thirty years, how many thrones would have been spared disgrace or utter ruin! But we cannot, for the reason above mentioned, enter here into the facts, already notorious, of the career of his Royal Highness in the exalted sphere to which he was raised by her Majesty's happy choice. The nature and amount of his beneficent and strictly legitimate intervention, in some political as well as in social affairs, during the twenty years of his residence among us, no longer require to be explained. Mr. Theodore Martin, as was to be expected, treats all these matters with excellent good taste and discretion. The history of Queen Victoria's reign, and especially of her Court and the Royal household, with its kindred and personal acquaintance of different ranks and various degrees of intimacy, is brought down to the year 1848. It breaks off, in this volume, with the birth of Princess Louise, a few days after the French Revolution, when King Louis Philippe and his family were driven to take refuge in our land of orderly freedom. Let us simply quote, as showing the characters of her Majesty and of the Prince Consort, a sentence from the private letters written by each of them about that crisis. "I am not cast down," the Prince writes to Stockmar, who is detained in Germany by illness; "I am not cast down; still, I have need of friends and counsel in these heavy times. Come, as you love me, as you love Victoria, as you love Uncle Leopold, as you love your German Fatherland." And our Queen, the wife and mother, newly risen from a bed of childbirth, writes immediately afterwards to the same Uncle Leopold. "From the first," says her Majesty, "I heard all that passed; and my only thoughts and talk were politics. But I never was calmer and quieter, or less nervous. Great events make me calm; it is only trifles that irritate my nerves." We see here, but we knew before, that Victoria and Albert were ever worthy of their grand position in the realm of Great Britain and in the Europe of their age.

The other book to which reference has been made is the translation, by Mr. J. W. Redhouse, of *The Diary of His Majesty the Shah of Persia during his Tour through Europe in 1873*, published by Mr. Murray. Large portions of this journal, which appeared some months ago in the official gazette of Teheran, have been translated before and sent to the English newspapers. It is but a year and a half since the visit of the Shah to England, which is not long enough for any of us to have forgotten the incidents of his sojourn in this country. We cannot, therefore, suppose it needful to occupy much space at this moment with details which were abundantly reported and commented upon at the time, and were made the subject of a long series of illustrations in our own Journal. Such fresh interest as belongs to the Shah's Diary is wholly derived from its unconscious revelation of his personal character, and of the habits of thought and the sentiments which he shares, in all probability, with other Asiatic Princes of the Mohammedan faith. These peculiarities, which are vividly shown by his remarks upon what he saw in Europe, afford a curious and entertaining study. But they have often been displayed, to at least an equal extent, in the case of other Eastern visitors to London and Paris; so that our late illustrious guest, whose mental capacity seems to be about the average of his educated countrymen, holds only the kind of discourse we have read on former occasions. To say that his tone and his style are those of a good-natured big boy, chattering with amiable freedom upon all he meets at his first going out into the world, might appear beneath the respect due to his Majesty. We shall therefore refrain from criticism, and leave the readers of his Diary, who will be very numerous, to enjoy the mild amusement of appreciating this Oriental simplicity of mind.

A botanical treatise of some merit has its value for scientific readers, while those who take a practical concern in the fine arts must appreciate a tasteful and learned guide to the use of floral and other vegetable forms and hues for designs in ornamentation. These objects are effectually combined by Mr. F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., in his important work on *Plants: their Natural Growth and Ornamental Treatment*, published by Marcus Ward and Co. The subject-matter of discussion is beyond our critical range, but we should rely on the author's knowledge and judgment in this case. The illustrations consist of forty-four coloured plates, some of which contain several drawings of plants or their parts, with artistic designs suggested by them; the frontispiece is an illuminated plate, showing designs from the white clover, the Oriental plane, and the

horse-chestnut. It appears to us that the study of this treatise would give much insight into the laws regulating the modification of organic forms throughout the vegetable kingdom.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has published, under the title *Beauty in Common Things*, a series of twelve drawings from nature, by Mrs. J. W. Whymper, which are printed in colours by Mr. W. Dickes. They represent some of the most attractive and familiar aspects of vegetation, wild flowers and fruit, or the leaves and blossoms of trees. A descriptive commentary is added. This society also publishes *Studies Among the Painters*, a series of fine-art examples from the works of the Old Masters, with critical and historical notices by Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson, part of which appeared in a magazine.

A less costly, but still very handsome, edition is now produced (by Messrs. Blackie and Son) of the *Travels in South America*, by Paul Marcoy, which we have frequently noticed and admired. The author, who is a French naturalist and artist, made his way through wild scenes and wild people from Peru and Bolivia to the great river Amazon, and down its course to the Atlantic. He has many curious things and doings to relate. Above five hundred engravings, drawn by M. Riou, illustrate his narrative and descriptive writing; and his devious journeys are marked in a series of ten maps. The book is beautifully printed and bound, in two volumes.

Another geographical work of high value, illustrated in a style of great beauty, is *The Amazon and Madeira Rivers*, by Franz Keller, engineer (Chapman and Hall). The Madeira is a tributary of the Amazon from the south, flowing from the mountains between Bolivia and the Brazilian inland province of Matto Grosso. Its banks and adjacent territories are here described, with remarkable precision, by an accomplished German observer. Nearly seventy wood engravings, from original sketches, illustrate this book of travel.

A volume of promising aspect is called *Manners, Customs, and Dress during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance Period* (Chapman and Hall). Its French author is M. Paul Lecroix, who formerly wrote under the name of "Le Bibliophile Jacob." The volume contains above four hundred engravings and a dozen chromolithographs. These represent, as might be supposed, a great variety of very interesting subjects. They are copied from the most authentic designs of antiquity, and to examine them carefully is an instructive historical study. But we cannot praise the author of the accompanying dissertations on feudalism, chivalry, the Crusades, the monastic orders, and similar features of bygone times. His views are bigoted and superficial, and not agreeable to an English reader.

The portraits of the Roman Emperors may probably be worth attention in the eyes of some readers with a turn for Imperial biography; and Mr. J. E. Lee, author of "Isca Silurum," has procured a hundred and sixty lithographic profiles, drawn by Mr. C. E. Croft, an artist at Torquay. They have been accurately copied from the coins of those Emperors' reigns. A brief memoir of each, with chronological dates, is prefixed to the collection, which is entitled *Roman Imperial Profiles* (Longmans). Most of them have a forbidding look.

A publication of the Holbein Society (to be had of Messrs. Trübner and Co.) ought to have been noticed before. It is a series of facsimile reprints of Hans Burgmaier's *Triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian I.*, superbly powerful engravings which display the cumbrous martial pomp of a German Court in the sixteenth century.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The "Royal Edition of Operas," published by Messrs. Bookey and Co., now forms an extensive collection of classical and popular works of various schools and periods—German, Italian, French, and English—words and music complete. The foreign works are generally given with both Italian and English text; and the price of each volume, with a few exceptions, is half a crown. We have noticed the volumes separately as they appeared, and may now refer to the series as offering a good source for the selection of musical gift-books.

Messrs. Metzler and Co. have contributed to the music of the season by the issue of their special Christmas number of "The Popular Musical Library." Ten pieces of dance music are here supplied for a shilling. A new set of quadrilles by Mr. Marriott, entitled "Fortunio," and a new polka, "Fan-Fan," by Lecocq, are among the contents; which also comprise pieces in the same and in other forms by Strauss, Godfrey, Gaston de Lille, Cassidy, Perry, and T. Browne. The same publishers have brought out a set of spirited waltzes ("Queen Mab") by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, in which the marked rhythm of that dance is well preserved. The music issued with a recent number of "The Choir" consists of a Christmas anthem by Mr. J. L. Hatton, "Now when Jesus was born," in which that well-known composer proves that he can succeed in the solemn Church style as well as in the songs and ballads with which his name has been chiefly identified.

"Because I do" is the refrain of some quaint lines by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, which have been set to music by Mr. J. L. Molloy with his usual success in this style. Other vocal pieces of more or less merit (also published by Messrs. Metzler and Co.) are:—"We two shall meet again," a setting by T. Maas of lines adapted from the German by Mr. G. T. Metzler; "The Buccaneer's Song," by E. de Jong; Mr. Arthur Goodeve's setting of Herrick's lines, "There is a ladye sweet and kind;" Mr. W. T. Wrighton's sentimental songs, "Sorrow" and "A Mother's Love" (the latter well suited to a contralto voice); Mr. C. W. Smith's "Eventide" (sung with success by Mr. J. H. Pearson at the Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts); Mr. C. H. Hewitt's "New-Year's Eve," in which both the poet (Mr. G. Weatherly) and the composer give the contrast between the mournful and the hopeful aspect of the turning-point of the year; Mr. J. M. Bentley's "O the lost—the unforgotten!" (a song expressive of sad retrospection) closing the list.

Mr. J. L. Hatton's "Song with a burden" is one of a set of seven vocal pieces by the same composer, published by Messrs. Duff and Stewart. The song now specified is a pleasing strain for a solo voice, with a refrain for four-part vocal harmony, by which the effect is greatly enhanced. Mr. Hatton's ballad, "Over the mountain" (by the same publishers), is an expressive although simple melody, prettily accompanied, and free from difficulty in either respect. Mr. G. F. Hatton's song, "The moon comes forth in splendour," is a setting of English and German words (the latter by the poet Geibel). The composer—a son, we believe, of Mr. L. Hatton, has successfully reflected the style of those lieder for which Germany is so celebrated. The song lies within moderate compass, and will suit a singer capable of declamatory expression.

Messrs. A. Hammond and Co. (late Julian's) still keep their specialty as producers of dance music, their catalogue of which now includes a large and varied collection of the most popular productions of the day, among recent issues being some of the latest polkas, waltzes, and other pieces by Josef Gung'l, whose appearance at this season's Promenade Concerts gave a fresh

interest to his music. Ten sets of waltzes by this composer are issued, in a cheap octavo volume, arranged for the violin. Messrs. Hammond and Co. do not restrict themselves to the music of the dance: among their other publications are many pianoforte pieces by Gustave Lange (of Berlin), whose industry is attested by the opus number (191) affixed to his "O Frage Nicht, Lyrisches Tonstück," a very graceful movement, somewhat in the nocturne style, the principal theme enhanced by some fanciful elaborations. Other pieces of similar merit by the same composer (issued by the same publishers) are "Blumen-Märchen," "La Harpe Eolienné" (a capital study for right-hand arpeggios), and "Frohe Spiele."

"The Hymnary, a Book of Church Song," is the title of an important volume (published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., of Berners-street), of which a new edition has been issued, with a few alterations, omissions, and additions. As truly observed in the preface of the literary editors (the Rev. W. Cooke, Canon of Chester, and the Rev. B. Webb, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells-street), "no collection of hymns can be considered perfect, or final, or worthy of exclusive adoption by the Church, so long as devout men continue to pour out in humble worship fresh gifts of song and music." Among the specialties of this valuable collection it may be mentioned that more than ninety hymns are provided for the days of the week, a larger variety than usual being appropriated to each of the Church's seasons. The musical portion of the work has been superintended by Mr. J. Barnby, and this comprises many old English Church tunes, some adaptations from German chorales and other foreign sources, and a large number of modern original melodies, contributed by some of our most eminent composers. The volume is got up in a superior style, the letterpress work and the music engraving being alike excellent.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have also issued a new edition of the octavo volume of Mendelssohn's songs—the only complete collection. These exquisite gems—nearly eighty in number—are here given with the original German text and English words (adapted by Madame Macfarren), neatly engraved and printed. A more appropriate or inexpensive musical gift-book could not be named.

The "Part-Song-Book," published by the same firm, is now in its second series, and extends to eleven volumes, the two latest of which consist of four-part songs, madrigals, &c., some for mixed voices, others for male singers only, all composed by R. L. de Pearsall, who, in some instances, has contributed the words as well as the music. These collections offer an ample variety of styles calculated to please all tastes.

"The Organist's Quarterly Journal" (published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.) is now in its third volume. The most recent issue (part 24) opens with an effective prelude by Mr. Henry Smart, which is followed by some clever variations by Mr. G. A. Macfarren on the old psalm-tune known as "Windsor;" besides which, Dr. Spark (of Leeds) contributes a well-written "Offertorium," Mr. Inglis Bervon a brief but graceful andante, and Mr. J. Tomlinson an "Allegretto Cantabile," including some contrasts of key-boards and registers.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s recent vocal publications include several pieces that have been sung with success by eminent vocalists. Among them are the following:—"Bird of Love," by M. Lemmens; "For thee alone I sigh," by Mr. Hatton; "Rose Marie," by Mr. Molloy; and "My Summer-time" and "The Bells of St. Ethelred," by Mr. Barnby.

The valuable series of "Octavo Editions of Operas," published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., has just been increased by the addition of Mozart's "Il Seraglio" (Die Entführung aus dem Serail). Like the other volumes of the series, this is neatly printed, and prefaced by a summary of the plot of the libretto, which latter is given in the original German, with an English translation by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. The musical portion of the work has been carefully edited by Mr. Berthold Tours, and the arranged pianoforte accompaniment contains valuable indications of the leading features of the orchestral score.

Another important publication by the same firm, equally cheap and similar in form and size, is an edition of the music which Robert Schumann composed to portions of Goethe's "Faust." The text, in this instance, has been translated by Miss Louisa Vance, and is given both in association with the music and separately at the beginning of the volume, together with a summary of the action and some interesting notes derived from German sources. The publication of such works, so well brought out, at the price of half a crown, is a wonder even in these days of cheapness.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have recently issued an enlarged edition of the catalogue of their circulating musical library in Berners-street. The extent of the collection may be judged from the fact of the volume consisting of upwards of 500 pages, giving the title and character of nearly 65,000 works in every form of composition, besides books on the theory and history of the art.

Messrs. Augener and Co. (of Newgate-street) have also published a similar volume, enumerating, under classified headings, nearly the same number of works, practical and didactic, contained in their lending library in Regent-street.

Messrs. Weekes and Co. include among their recent publications an effective arrangement, as a pianoforte duet, of Mr. Berthold Tours's "Gavotte Moderne," originally written as a solo piece. The old dance form is here very cleverly united with a more modern style, and the adaptation is well calculated for juvenile pupils. Mr. Boyton Smith's "Merry Peasant" is a free fantasia, in the brilliant school, on the exquisite little piece "Fröhlichen Landmann" from Robert Schumann's "Jugend Album;" the same transcriber having produced a similar arrangement, with florid variations, of the fine old Welsh air "The March of the Men of Harlech." "The Golden Trumpets," by Mr. A. G. Fowles, is a spirited processional march, in the shape of an effective duet for two performers on the pianoforte. Other instrumental pieces published by Messrs. Weekes and Co. are two well-written movements for the organ, "Andante" and "Allegro Maestoso," by Mr. E. H. Turpin, who is well known as an able performer on that instrument. The same publishers have also produced some pleasing novelties in vocal music, including two ballads, "Fairer Still" and "Broken Toys," by Dr. Rimbault; "No Tidings" (song), by Dr. Sloman; "Misfortune's dark unrest of sombre wing," by C. Gardner; "Stee to me," by A. Morel; "Shall we forget it?" (song), by Sybil; "Meet me early" (ballad), by P. D. Guglielmo; and a characteristic "Song of the Spanish Exile," by G. Sothern.

Among the handsome musical gift-books prepared for the new year is a volume entitled "Songs of our Youth," published by Messrs. Daldy, Isbister, and Co. The contents consist of a series of graceful verses by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," some of which are of a serious and solemn character, others being in a light and cheerful vein. The music is mostly adapted from English, Irish, Welsh, and foreign sources—the authoress appearing, in several instances, in the additional capacity of composer.

Mr. W. H. Holmes, the well-known pianist, has transcribed, in a pianoforte solo, a melody from the opera of "The Elfin of the Lake." The theme is very flowing and graceful; and this adaptation has the effect of a "lied ohne wörte." Another very pleasing pianoforte piece by Mr. Holmes is his impromptu, "The Sighing Wind," in which there is much fanciful variety. Both these are published by Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., who have also issued some very graceful pianoforte pieces, by Mr. Ignace Gibson, entitled "Evening Thoughts." These consist of four numbers—"Twilight," "The Brook," "The Shepherd's Prayer," and "Wafted upwards"—each of which is distinctive in character and pleasing in style and treatment. The same publishers have also issued "Ten Daily Studies for the Pianoforte," by Carl Krebs, the practice of which can scarcely fail to promote the student's acquirement of high executive skill. The success of Herr Krebs as a teacher has been specially illustrated by the admirable performances of his pupil and daughter, Mdlle. Marie Krebs.

Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s recent vocal publications include "Dall' Infanzia," an Italian version (words by Signor Zaffira) of Auber's charming aria, "Du village voisin," from his opera "Le Serment"; Mr. Wilford Morgan's song, "Little birdie, sing to me," which has been made known to concert audiences by Miss Edith Wynne's rendering; Mr. L. Diehl's "A Lover's Song," composed expressly for and sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby; Mr. J. H. Rook's song, "True Love," composed for Mr. Sims Reeves; Küchler's song, "Pretty Robin," effectively arranged for two voices by Mr. L. Diehl; and Herr Schultheiss's lied, "Das Bildniss" (words by Heine), with the addition of an English translation by Mrs. W. Campbell.

The success of M. Lecocq's "Girofle-Girofle" has naturally led to adaptations, in various forms, of the most popular portions of the music. The possessors of the English copyright—Messrs. Enoch and Sons, of Holles-street—have just issued an effective pianoforte fantasia by Mr. W. Kuhe, in which some of the prominent themes of the opera bouffe just named are treated in a brilliant and showy style without taxing severely the player's executive powers; another piece of a similar kind being Mr. Brinley Richards's transcription of the sextet, which is one of the most important numbers in the work. M. Lecocq's lively music has also been turned to the purposes of the dance, for which it is well suited by its distinctly-marked rhythm. Two sets of quadrilles—one by Mr. C. Coote, the other by Mr. C. Godfrey—have been drawn from this source; besides a waltz by the first-named adapter and a galop by the second.

Messrs. Enoch and Sons have also published a cleverly-written gavotte, entitled "Talon Rouge," by Alice Sheppard, in which the style and spirit of the old dance are well preserved; "Un Rayon," a graceful nocturne, by J. Rummell, both for piano solo; a very expressive song, "So do I love thee," by the eminent pianist Mr. G. A. Osborne.

There seems to be no limit to the productiveness of Franz Abt as a song composer. Quantity, however, does not in his case imply diminished power, as proved by his songs "Thine Image," "Love's Spring," and "One glance of thee;" and his duets, "Wood-birds are singing" and "Spring's greeting." These are all characterised by graceful melody allied to appropriate accompaniments, and each has both German and English words. They are published by Messrs. Willey and Co., of Great Marlborough-street.

Messrs. Ransford and Sons' recent publications comprise a pretty ballad, "Somebody thinking of me," by E. Land; a tuneful serenade, "Of thee I'll dream," by E. L. Hime (both easy of execution); and a spirited "Polka de Salon," with a preludial "Andante," by Charles Bradley.

Under the title of "Beauties of Hungary" Mr. W. Czerny, of Oxford-street, has published a skilful arrangement, by himself, for pianoforte solo, of some characteristic pieces by Robert Volkmann. These are six in number, and are named, respectively, "Youth," "Morning Song," "Beneath the Lime-Tree," "Mirth," "Festal Reception," and "Chivalry," each bearing a strong impress of nationality. The same publisher and arranger has also produced similar transcriptions of M. Wekerlin's serenade "Stars the night adorning" (from "Ruy Blas"), and a gigue from one of Locatelli's violin sonatas. Mr. Czerny has also brought out a very pleasing allegretto grazioso named "Madoline" (for piano solo), by Mr. J. B. Calkin, and a song, "Wishes" (with English and German words), by M. Müller, the melody of which, if not very new, is distinct in its phrasing and rhythm.

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's song, "Good-bye" (Messrs. Simpson and Co., late Weipert), is a very expressive setting of some tender lines by Mr. W. C. Bennett. A song of very opposite character—that is, in the robust, jovial style—being "Hurrah for bluff King Christmas!" by Mr. J. Cheshire, whose "Only thee" is a strain of appropriate sentiment allied to some good verses of Mr. Charles Swain. From Messrs. Simpson and Co., we also have the characteristic song (by Vivien) of "The Mountebank," which has been frequently sung with much success by Mr. Santley; another effective piece of the demonstrative kind being Mr. A. Plumpton's "Up for the King," a cavalier's song, the words from the well-known pen of Major G. Whyte Melville. In the department of pianoforte music, Messrs. Simpson have brought out a graceful "Pastorale," by Mr. Walter Macfarren—the simplicity of the principal subject in which is well contrasted with some effective florid passages for the right hand—and a very spirited "Marche Bresilien," by Mr. J. Cheshire.

From Mr. Joseph Williams, of Berners-street, we have various brilliant pianoforte pieces—"Transcriptions Classiques" are a series of elaborated arrangements, by C. Neustedt, of themes mostly taken from the works of celebrated composers. The arranger has also produced some agreeable original pieces, among which may be mentioned, "Serenade de Zanetto, Improvisation," and "Priere du Soir, Meditation." From the same publisher we also have "Air de Ballet," "Menuet de Bergame," "Gai Printemps, Idylle," by Auguste Durand, and a "Polacca Brillante," by Dr. Bunnett, in all of which there is some pleasant passage-writing, free from any special difficulty. Among the vocal music recently issued by Mr. Williams may be specified Mr. Henry Smart's graceful song "The Petrel's Warning" (especially suitable to a contralto or baritone voice), and a very pretty ballad, "When all was Young," by Mr. J. L. Roeckel.

A supplementary report by the Liverpool committee of inquiry into the condition of our merchant seamen has been issued. The committee refer with satisfaction to the impression which the facts they have collected during the last five years have made upon the mind of the present Government; and, in view of legislation during the coming Session of Parliament on the subject, they publish a series of resolutions which, in their opinion, ought to form the basis of any bill introduced into the House. They regard training-ships and nautical schools as absolutely necessary for the education of seamen of the merchant navy, the expense of which should be jointly borne by the Government and the mercantile marine. Moreover, no seaman should be regarded as A.B. unless he can furnish proof of four years' actual sea service.

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.  
W C LEARY (New York).—Thanks for the problem, which shall be examined.  
MAC.—The publisher is Mr. W. W. Morgan, of 67, Barbican, E.C.  
EAST MARDEN.—There is no mate, as you suggest, if Black play 1. Kt takes K P (dis. ch.).  
A COWARD.—You have not given the best defence for Black.  
INAGH, W FINLAYSON, and SAILOR.—The solutions sent are correct.  
S H T.—Thanks for your courteous letter. We fully indorse your opinion on the games in question. The other query answers itself.  
J G C.—As you have not dated your letters, we are rather in the dark as to which is the "very last" version.  
R J MOFFAT.—The variation, we think, proves nothing. Black simply plays, 13. Kt to K B 3rd, and remains with a piece ahead and a safe position.  
G H V.—Your solution of Problem No. 167 will not hold water if Black play 1. K to B 5th and 2. B to Q 2nd.  
F N BANKS.—How do you propose to mate if Black play 2. K to Q 3rd?  
D G H P and F FRAZER.—The solution will not do, if Black play 1. K to B 5th.  
C D R.—But what if Pawn becomes a Knight instead of a Queen?  
PROBLEM NO. 167.—Additional correct solutions received from J G C, Wowley, E R Shillito, H R Vincent.  
PROBLEM NO. 168.—Correct solutions received from Wowley, Mac, W Airey, Clive Croskey, S H Thomas.

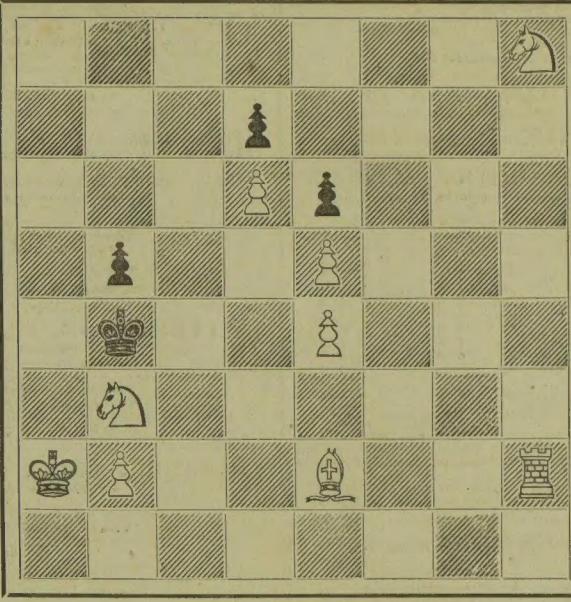
### PROBLEM NO. 1608.

At the request of numerous correspondents we hold over the solution of this Problem until next week.

### PROBLEM NO. 1610.

By Mr. S. H. THOMAS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

### CHESS IN GERMANY.

The following Game was played at Breslau, in August last, between Professor ANDERSSEN and Mr. S. HAMEL, the president of the Nottingham Chess Club.—(*Fianchetto di Donna*.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	17. P to K 5th	Very well played.
2. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q Kt 2nd	17. R takes R	B takes R
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd.	18. R to K B 3rd	Q to K 3rd
4. P to Q 4th	B to Q Kt 5th	19. R to K B 3rd	Kt to K Kt 4th
5. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. R to K Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th
6. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	21. P to K R 4th	Q to K B 2nd
7. B takes Kt	Q takes B	22. B to Q B 4th	
8. Castles	B takes Kt		
9. P takes B	P to Q 3rd		
10. Kt to Q 2nd	Castles		
		All this is extremely well conceived by Mr. Anderssen.	
11. P to K B 4th	Q to K 2nd	22. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
12. P to K B 5th		23. Q takes Q (ch)	Kt takes Q
		24. B takes Q P	Q R to Q sq
		25. B to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q B 4th
			He has, apparently, no better move. Play as he may, White now wins a piece by force.
12. P takes P	P takes P	26. P to K 6th	P takes P
13. R takes P	Kt to Q 2nd	27. P takes Kt (ch)	K to K 2nd
14. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd	28. P takes P	R takes P
15. Q to K B sq	Kt to K R 2nd	29. Kt to K B 3rd	R to K Kt 5th
		30. R takes R	P takes R
		31. Kt to K 5th	R to Q sq
		32. Kt to Q 7th,	
16. Q to R 5th	B to Q B sq		and Black resigned.

### CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

LITTLEHAMPTON CHESS CLUB.—This club, which was only established last year, is now in a very flourishing state, and arrangements are being made for a match, during the present season, with the Brighton Chess Club. At a recent meeting Mr. William Elderton was elected president, and Messrs. Batt, Davis, Toy, Vines, and Witham members of the committee.

BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—At the final meeting of the problem committee of the British Chess Association, held last week, the special prize for the best four-move position was awarded to No. 5 of the set marked "Look after the Caby," the next in point of merit being the four-mover in the set bearing the motto, "Where's the Master? Play the men." At the same time the envelopes were opened containing the composers' names, which were as follow:—First prize, "Look after the Caby," S. Sorensen, Copenhagen. Second prize, "Ultima Thule," C. Bayer. Third prize, "Hoc ardua vincere docet," J. H. Finlinson. Fourth prize, "Why so, prither?" W. S. Pavitt. Fifth prize, "Auf Wiedersehen," C. Naudtsbaum. Sixth prize, "The best laid scheme of mice and men, &c." T. M. Brown. Seventh prize, "Ludimus effigiem belii," L. Rossati. Eighth prize, "Work for money," H. Schmidt, Honolulu. The special prize for the best three-mover was awarded to Mr. Healy ("Where's the master? Play the men"), and for the best two-mover to Mr. Kling (Imogene). Both these positions have appeared in our columns. We regret to hear that Mr. Sorensen, the winner of the first prize, and late co-editor of the *Copenhagen Chess Magazine*, died a few weeks ago.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. WISKER AND ZUKERTORT.—We are requested by Mr. Wisker to state that he was not the challenger in this match; the proposal for a contest emanating from Mr. Zukertort.

The Duke of Abercorn will be installed on Jan. 6 as Grand Master of the Freemasons of Ireland.

A fever hospital for Darlington, erected at a cost of £9225, was, last week, opened by the Mayor, Mr. H. Fell Pease.

The shutting of the gates of Derry passed off yesterday week without any disturbance. There were the usual processions to the cathedral and round the walls. In the afternoon the effigy of Lundy, which had been suspended all day upon a gallows, was burned amid great enthusiasm.

The half-yearly distribution of prizes to the cadets of the Britannia, at Dartmouth, was made on Thursday week. Sir Massey Lopes, M.P., the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, in presenting the prizes, hoped that the cadets would not rest on their oars, for in these days of education none could stand still. What they had to guard against was the system of cramming. If they did not acquire their elementary principles soundly they would not be able to work out their problems soundly. Speaking of the prejudices which had been excited against the ship, he said the sanitary arrangements were excellent, and the physical development of the boys would compare favourably with that of any public school in the kingdom.

### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, dated Oct. 1 last, of John Wormald, who died at Highbury Lodge, Islington, on the 10th ult., was proved on the 1st inst. by John Wormald and Edward Wormald, two of the sons, and Thomas Carlisle, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £250,000. The testator devises to his eldest son, John, and his heirs all his real estate, including the real estate at Birstal, Yorkshire, which he has power to appoint under the will of his father; and he bequeaths to each of his other eight children £10,000; all the residue of his personality and the three twenty-sixth parts of the sum of £130,000, which he has power to dispose of by the will of his father, he gives to his nine children in equal shares. The deceased was a partner in the firm of Child and Co., bankers, of Temple Bar.

The will, dated Aug. 14, 1863, of Charles Hugh Lushington, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, but late of Debdale House, Mansfield, Notts, was proved on the 25th ult. by Mrs. Caroline Eleanor Lushington, the widow and acting executrix, the personalty being sworn under £50,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife absolutely, and the residue to her for life; at her death he gives £6000 to each of his younger children, and the rest of his property to his eldest son.

The will and codicil, dated March 16 and May 1, 1874, of the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Young Spearman, Bart., of Hanwell, Middlesex, who died on the 20th ult., were proved on the 14th inst. by his son-in-law, William Layton Lowndes, the Rev. Morris Edgar Stanborough, and Charles John Herries, C.B., the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £18,000. The testator recites that he had already appointed the bulk of his property among his children, subject to the prior life interest of his wife. He now bequeaths to his wife a legacy of £300, and the residue for life; at her decease it goes to his children.

The wills of the following persons have recently been proved—viz., James Boys, late of Randolph Cottage, Camden Town, under £25,000; Dr. Edwin Larkester, Central Middlesex Coroner, under £2000; William Sewell, D.D., late of Exeter College, Oxford, under £600; Gen. Sir John Mark Frederic Smith, K.H., late of No. 62, Pembridge-villas, Notting-hill, under £3000; John Simpson Rothery, late of Grimston Villa, Merton, Yorkshire, under £40,000; Lady Mary Love (widow of Lieutenant-General Sir James Frederick Love, K.C.B.), late of Eldon-road, Kensington, under £3000; and Dame Mary Knatchbull (widow of Sir Norton Joseph Knatchbull, Bart.), late of No. 6, Ashford-road, Maidstone, under £5000.

### ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN JANUARY, 1875.

(From the "Illustrated London Almanack.")

The Moon during the morning of the 2nd is near Mars, being situated a little to the left of the planet. She is some distance to the left of Venus on the morning of the 5th, very near Mercury on the morning of the 7th, near Saturn on the evening of the 9th, near Jupiter on the morning of the 29th, and to the left of Mars on the morning of the last day. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the 7th at 8 minutes after 5h. in the afternoon.  
First Quarter " 14th " 22 " 9 " afternoon.  
Full Moon " 21st " 41 " 5 " afternoon.  
Last Quarter " 29th " 34 " 0 " afternoon.

She is nearest to the Earth on the morning of the 17th, and most distant on the afternoon of the 1st, and again on the afternoon of the 29th.

Mercury is a morning star, rising 25m. before the Sun on the 1st day; decreasing to 12m. by the 5th day; and on the 9th the planet and Sun rise together; and from this time to March 2 the planet rises in daylight. On the 20th the planet sets at 4h. 33m. p.m., or 7m. after sunset; increasing to 30m. by the 25th, and to 58m. by the last day (the planet setting on this day at 5h. 44m. p.m.). He is at his greatest distance from the Sun on the 1st, near to and a little north of the Moon on the 7th, in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 15th, and near Saturn on the 27th.

Venus is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 5h. 20m. a.m., or 2h. 48m. before the Sun; on the 11th at 4h. 53m. a.m., or 3h. 12m. before the Sun; on the 21st at 4h. 41m. a.m., or 3h. 14m. before the Sun; on the last day at 4h. 39m. a.m., or 3h. 4m. before the Sun. She is near the Moon on the 4th, in perihelion (or nearest) to the Sun on the 10th, and at her greatest brilliancy on the 13th.

Mars is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h. 34m. a.m., or 5h. 34m. before sunrise; on the 11th at 2h. 29m. a.m., or 5h. 36m. before sunrise; on the 21st at 2h. 21m. a.m., or 5h. 28m. before sunrise. He is due south on the 15th at 6h. 17m. a.m., and on the last day at 5h. 18m. a.m. He is in quadrature with the Sun on the 21st, and nearest the Moon on the 28th at 10h. p.m.

Saturn sets on the 1st at 6h. 47m. p.m., or 2h. 47m. after sunset; on the 11th at 6h. 14m. p.m., or 2h. 2m. after sunset; on the 21st at 5h. 42m. p.m., or 1h. 14m. after sunset; and on the last day at 5h. 9m. p.m., or 23m. after sunset. He is due south on the 15th at 1h. 29m. p.m., and on the last day at 0h. 34m. p.m. He is near the Moon on the 9th.

The governors of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy met on Saturday last at their house, 2, Bloomsbury-place, for the pleasing duty of distributing Christmas benef

## NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

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